
THE
EATON CHRONICLE;
OR,
THE SALT-BOX.

At tu EATONIS lepidos SALT tinge libellos,
Agnoscat mores quisque legatque suos:
Angusta cantare licet videaris avena
Dum tua multorum vincat avena tubas.

MART.

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August 26, 1938

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL GROSVENOR,
THIS LITTLE COLLECTION,
BEGUN AT HIS SUGGESTION,
CARRIED ON, AND FINISHED UNDER
HIS AUSPICES,
AND NOW
PUBLISHED BY HIS DIRECTION;
IS
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT
DEDICATED
BY HIS MOST OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT
HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE EDITOR.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE EARL OF ROSSLYN

THE LORDS OF THE TREASURY

THE LORDS OF THE COMMONS

AND THE LORDS OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

THE PETITION OF

THE EAST INDIA COMPANY

SHUNTH THAT YOUR PETITIONERS

ARE OF THE OPINION

THAT THE SAID COMPANY

DOES NOT DESERVE

THE GRANT OF A CHARTER

THE PETITION

OF THE SAID COMPANY

TO THE READER.

IF the following sheets were to be seen only by the persons immediately concerned, who were at once the writers, and the subjects, of them, no introduction would be necessary; but as they may hereafter fall into the hands of such as stand in no kind of relation to them, a short account of their origin, &c. has been judged indispensable.

In the summer of 1788, Lord Grosvenor invited a numerous party of his relations, friends, and acquaintance, to Eaton-Hall, to celebrate the birth-day of Lord Belgrave, who came to age, in the spring of that year. As they met before the arrival of the period peculiarly set apart for the festival, his Lordship proposed, in a sportive moment, that a little journal should be kept of their proceedings, and produced every morning at breakfast. As this could not occupy a large space, he farther proposed to admit any little piece of prose, or verse, whose subject might not be entirely foreign * from the company: and it was hoped by these means, that a sheet might be served up every morning with the tea.

The paper took its name from a SALT-BOX, which was appointed to receive the contributions. THIS was ex-

* To this there is but one exception; i. e. the Elegy in No. XVIII. But besides, that this was expressly written for the Salt-box; there were other reasons that determined us to insert it,

amined

amined every evening, and the contents arranged and transcribed by the writer of this introduction, who had the honour of being appointed EDITOR.

As these sheets were not intended for the world, no apology is necessary for them. Should they, however, meet the eye of any that were not present at their birth, it is but justice to remind them, that they ought to judge with candour, of what was almost instantaneously produced, amidst a variety of avocations, that left little leisure for accuracy, and less for revision and amendment. During the greatest part of the time, the SALT-BOX regularly accompanied the breakfast; and the little occurrences of one morning, were committed to paper, and read over the next. The "*nonum præmatur in annum*" was never more glaringly neglected.

It is to be lamented, that this work will have the fate of all local and temporary productions. The little strokes that were perfectly obvious to the company, will escape the notice of the common reader; and the "flashes of merit" (and many such there were) that sat the table in a "roar," will be censured as impertinent, or pitied as insufferably dull. Yet with all these deductions, enough will remain to shew, that among the contributors to this publication, there were writers of no common abilities; who wanted but effort to become great, and time to become correct: who amidst the distraction of ever-varied amusement, and the dissipation of long-continued festivity, could assume the character of the moment, and be frolic with grace, and serious with dignity.

The

The EDITOR cannot conclude, without expressing his gratitude for the indulgence he experienced in the execution of his office. He can truly say, that his sole ambition was to justify the predilection of his friends, that neither in what he rejected, nor in what he admitted, was he guided by caprice; and that whenever he found himself under the necessity of making any trifling alteration, he always did it with tenderness, and to the best of his judgment, conformable to the mind of the author. Still, however, he is sensible how much he was indebted to their partiality, and it is with the sincerest pleasure he seizes the present opportunity of thanking them for extending it towards him in the most unreserved manner.

THE EDITOR OF THE SALT-BOX.

Eaton-Hall, 1789.

NUMBER I.

T H E
EATON CHRONICLE;
O R,
THE SALT-BOX.

AUGUST 30, 1788.

AS the notice we gave of our intention to bring out the FIRST NUMBER of the EATON CHRONICLE this morning, was so very short, we were apprehensive that our friends would not have found time for that assistance which is so indispensably necessary to the execution of our design. We were, however, agreeably disappointed, on examining the SALT-BOX, to find the following favours, which enable us to commence our labours with some degree of eclat.

A

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

On Mr. Henry Hudson, late Hat-maker, Chancery-lane, Holborne, who died August 25th, while eating his Breakfast.

N. B. The Epitaph here alluded to, was founded on a paragraph that appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*. It was sent to one of the daily papers ; and, though a most ridiculous *jeu d'esprit*, mistaken for a serious piece, and admitted accordingly. It is needless to add, that it was really written by one of the party ; but having appeared in print, previous to the establishment of the SALT-BOX, it could not be suffered to remain there ;—and we have only preserved the TITLE, because there is an allusion to it in the following sheets.

WE feel the greatest obligations to Mr. E—— for his ready assistance on the present occasion. His whole letter, which he has kindly authorized us to insert, is admirably written, and does equal honour to his head and his heart. We are confident that we could not oblige our readers more,
than

than by giving it at length ; but as there are several other communications that press for insertion, we must be content with the most material parts of it, i. e. those that relate to the melancholy catastrophe of the CHICK.

Extracts of a Letter to R. T——, Esq.

“ I THINK it was about six o'clock when we reached Kidderminster, where an event happened that made a forcible impression on my mind. There was a hen pecking a few indigested grains out of a certain substance that lay in the road, when a sow, crossing over to a horse-block that stood by the hedge, unfortunately interrupted her. Whether it was done through malice pre-pense, or inadvertence, I cannot say ; but so it was, that the hen took offence at it, and disputed her passage ; upon which the wicked creature, (*borresco referens*) ran furiously at a CHICK that was innocently chirping beside her, and swallowed it down in a moment ! No words can express my astonishment. I thought on the uncertainty

of human life ; that we were here to-day, and gone to-morrow, as the Psalmist saith ; and I grew very sorrowful."

" When I mentioned the matter to his Lordship, he treated it with great indifference, and told me, I had better take my nap out ! Believe me, dear T——, I had not closed my eyes the whole day, and I saw the chicken swallowed as plain as I now see you."

Again.—" I ought to mention that I sent Jaquemet with an account of the unhappy event, to the woman of the house. What he said I know not, but she flew into a passion, bid him * * * * * and contemptuously hooted him back to the carriage. I am of opinion that an action will lie, &c. &c."

And in another part,—" The fate of this poor CHICK affected me so, that I could not rest that night ; so I got up and composed an Elegy, which relieved me considerably. Could not you help me to an Epitaph ? I am thinking of erecting a little
tomb

tomb to its memory, in a corner of the garden, a Cenotaph, if I may so say——

ΤΟ ΥΠΕΡ ΥΕΡΟΣ ΕΣΤΙ ΔΕΛΤΟΝΙΩΝ.”

To the Editor of the Eaton Chronicle.

SIR,

I AM an elderly gentleman of this country, and as I was yester-night (as is my custom when the weather will admit of it) observing the stars thro' my telescope, in my orchard, methought I saw an opaque body pass between me, and a luminary of the second magnitude, in the left foot of Orion. On looking about me, I found the following very curious epistle, written in a fair hand, and addressed to the Rev. Mr. T——, dropt at my foot (from the clouds I presume) by mistake, as I happened to have a black coat on. I soon perceived by the stile, that I was not the person intended, being of a saturnine disposition. Adieu,

Your's, &c.

Be speedy, dear T—— t' obey my decree——
'Tis THALIA herself who now dictates to thee,
For to tell you exactly the state of my mind,
I think that at EATON they've us'd me unkind;

MELPOMENE

THALIA,

By Mr. ~~Eaton~~ on a CHICKEN, which he saw
swallowed up by a Sow, near Kidderminster,
in Shropshire, on Wednesday the Twentieth of
August, 1788.

Begin, my Muse, the elegiac strain,
For why?
The bloody deed inspiring me with pain,
I cry.
Ah, stop thy cruel jaw, thou ruthless sow,
Ah stop!
See! see! the tender CHICK she seizes now,
Chop, chop!

In

In vain the Chanticleerian fathers watch
Their son:

In vain from death the destin'd prey to snatch

I run.

The CHICK is gone, the CHICK I loved more
D'ye see

Than any CHICK I ever saw before—

Ah me!

EATON HALL.

O honour'd mansion! that thy lofty head

With princely pride uplift'st the woods among,

Where DEVA, winding thro' the flowery mead,

Dispenses plenty as he flows along,

How do our hearts exult with transports sweet,

As thro' thy spacious bounds we joyful roam!

Thy antique walls, and friendly roof we greet

Which beauty, wit, good humour, make their own.

And thou, Society, enchanting maid!

With smiling countenance, and chearful eye;

'Thy lovely form, in every charm array'd

Gladdens the winged moments as they fly.

O! still on us thy choicest gifts bestow;

So may the Muse her numbers oft employ

To chaunt thy praise, and bid each bosom glow

With social happiness, and heart-felt joy.

To the Editor of the Eaton Chronicle.

SIR,

MUCH having been said of late concerning a sow and chick, and the scene of action lying near KIDDERMINSTER, give me leave to furnish you with the etymology of that word, which is somewhat curiously connected with the event that occasioned its present celebrity. KID and DER are ancient Saxon words. Kid was originally written Kad or Cad, and signifies a sow in her grand climacteric: and DER, or DERRE (abridged by our concise ancestors from derrelift) is properly the produce of the last dropt egg of a middle-aged hen. MINSTER requires no explanation. Every body knows that there is a very handsome one here, which was probably founded when the above words were current under their primitive significations.

Your's, &c.

VERITAS.

YESTERDAY arrived here Mr. and Mrs. Drax Grosvenor, together with Mr. R. Grosvenor, our gracious king, whom God preserve!

There will be a rehearsal this morning at twelve o'clock.

NUMBER II.

T H E
EATON CHRONICLE;
O R,
THE SALT-BOX.

AUGUST 31.

WE account ourselves peculiarly happy in being enabled to begin our Second Number with the following beautiful address.

To the SALT-BOX.

SALT-BOX! Receive the tributary lay,
Which to thy faithful bosom I resign:
O, may its fame thy watchful care repay,
And bring incessant votaries to thy shrine!

B

When

When each revolving morn shall bless the sight,
 Full well I ween thy merit shall appear ;
 And the learn'd produce of the former night
 Assistance lend the warm repast to cheer.

What tho' thy fides no Muse's art can boast,
 Nor gold, nor gems, thy outward parts adorn !
 WISDOM, they say, the inward values most,
 And flights the beauty of an empty form.

But HERE, the Goddeſs ſhall be proud to own
 The nymphs whom Venus' choicest presents grace,
 Do not on her bright charms depend alone,
 But Wiſdom's lore illumines each lovely face.

Whenever Hope thy wooden lid ſhall raiſe,
 Fate, be propitious to thy votaries' prayer !
 May Expectation mourn no dull delays,
 But to thy covert find each Muſe repair.

Extraſt of a Letter from Kiddermiſter.

YESTERDAY as Joan Lavis, the younger,
 was ſtanding at the door of her hog-ſty,
 ſhe perceived a carriage draw up to the
 ſide of the road, next her hen-rooſt.—
 Running down to ſee what was the occaſion
 of it, ſhe was met by a man in a large pair
 of

of jack-boots, who pretended to be a foreigner, and (as she says) insisted on seeing her pigs. As soon as she could disengage herself from him, which she did with no small difficulty, she hastened to the roost, and found one of her finest chickens missing. It is supposed that the fellow who stooped her was an accomplice, and that the design was to carry off the whole brood, as a very suspicious-looking young man was seen with his body half out of the carriage, holding open a green bag, something like that which counsellors put their BRIEFS in. N. B. This is published as a caution to the country.

S O N G.

Yes! I devote my choicest powers
Father of generous wine! to thee——
Cupid!——I here renounce his sway:
He spreads a gloom o'er life's best hours;
Then rouse, my friends, and join with me
To chase the peevish imp away.

B 2

They

They rouse ; and echo back the strain ;

“ ———For what is Love compar'd to Wine !

“ What the wan lustre of the eye !

“ The lips', the cheeks' still varying grain !

“ To the bright purple of the wine ?

“ Let Bacchus live, and Cupid die.”

Pleas'd with the thought, “ Let Cupid die”

We all repeat “ A GOD SO FRAIL——”

Miss Cray

M^Y enter'd ; we were dumb ;

Aw'd by the lightening of her eye,

I trembled, my bold friends turn'd pale,

And slunk in silence from the room.

THE KIDDERMINSTER TRAGEDY ;

OR,

THE CHICKEN'S LAMENTABLE FALL,

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD, COMPOSED BY MR. E——.

—— *quæque ipse miserrima vidi*

Et quorum pars magna fui.

VIRG.

Most flocking things which I myself did see,

And a great part of which 'twas my hard fate to be.

God prosper long our ducks and geese,

Our hens and chickens all !

At Kidderminster late there did

A sad event befall.

A wicked

A wicked sow was trotting forth,
All on a certain day,
To scrub her measly rump against
A horse-block in the way;

But just as she had reach'd the place,
A peevish hen she met,
Who cross'd her path, at which the sow
Began to fume and fret.

For why? the itching did increase——
Yet would this hen not move,
But scream'd, and flutter'd in her face,
And to repel her strove.

It chanc'd that day (ah fatal chance!)
Her son beside her stood,
The sweetest innocent that e'er
Enraptur'd mother view'd.

He, pretty fool! exulting saw
His dam's prodigious might;
And chirping cheerily, did urge
Her onward to the fight.

Whereat the sow began to threat——
(Methinks I hear her now)
"S'blood! tho' I can't your mother eat,
"Yet, d—mme! I can you,"

And, opening wide her horrid jaws,
She seiz'd the luckless chick,
And gulp'd him down, e'en as he was,
Before I could say—*click!*

O Christ!

O Christ ! my very heart did bleed,
 So sad a sight to see ;
 And briny drops adown my cheeks
 Did trickle plenteously.

And turning round " look ! look !" I cry'd,
 " That fow there, damn her foul !
 " Has snapp'd a poor dear chicken up,
 " And eat it, bones and all !"

What chicken ? said the Earl, and smil'd ;
 Go, go to sleep again ;
 Here's no such thing.—Tho' God, he knows,
 I saw it but too plain.

Nor shall I ever pass the place
 Without a heart-felt sigh
 For that sweet innocent, that there
 By bloody bite did die.

God save the King ! and when that we
 Have chickens of our own,
 May we ne'er turn them loose, like this,
 But coop them up alone.

Last night of all
 When yon same star that's Eastward from the Pole
 Was sinking in the West,
 The bell then *beating* seven——Arrived Mr. Boydell, our
 worthy Bernardo, together with Mr. Porden—which com-
 pleats the *Dramatis Personæ*.

THE

THE account of yesterday's rehearfal came too late.
Nothing can be received after ten o'clock.

The Epigram signed CHIAN, is too hot. The author
should consider that our's is a SALT—and not a PEPPER-
BOX.

The Kidderminster Sow's Remonstrance to-morrow.

THE GIFT BOOK
A COLLECTION OF
THE GIFT BOOK

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NUMBER III.

T H E
EATON CHRONICLE;
O R,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEPT. I.

AS a regard for the interests of our noble host, supercedes with us every other consideration, we take the earliest opportunity of publishing the following letter.

To the Editor of the SALT-BOX.

S I R,

As the proprietor of these gardens and woods prides himself on his OAK TREES, it

C

were

were to be wished that no melancholy and rhyming lovers would carve their fantastic verses on their bark.

As I flatter myself that I am not deficient in my duty*, it is paying me but a bad compliment to suppose they can escape my observation. I inclose you, therefore, Mr. Editor, a copy of the following verses, which I discovered carved upon an oak, in a recluse part of the grove.

I am, &c.

R. BARTLET PINCE.

Happy, happy, happy lover
That can engage the charming B——!
Were I to walk from hence to Dover,
There's nothing like the charming B——.
Who can hereafter be a rover
When they have seen the dear Miss B——?
What charms! what sense! you do discover,
When you converse with sprightly B——!
All who have seen her then, must surely love her
So sweet, so dear a creature is the B——.

* Mr. Pince is his Lordship's head gardener.

by Capt. J. Gordon

THE

THE following Memorial was *written*, or, as I rather believe, *dictated*, by the Kidderminster squire, and addressed to the owner of this hospitable mansion. It inclosed a Remonstrance to Mr. E——, which his lordship, with his usual urbanity, permitted us to copy. The Memorial was superscribed

To the Right Honourable Lord GROSVENOR.

MY LORD,

HEARING of your *philanthropy* (if I may use that word for a tendernefs which extends itself to every part of the brute creation) I humbly presume, without any farther apology, to apply to *it* on the present occasion. Your lordship cannot be ignorant of the story that has been raised to my prejudice, any more than of the total falsity of it ; I therefore intreat you to make use of the influence you have over Mr. E——, to prevail on him to retract so atrocious a charge.

If the legislature had given us a civil establishment, we might seek redress at another

ther tribunal ; but the humanity of man is unfortunately our only resource, and when that fails us, we can only suffer and be silent. Hoping this consideration will have its due weight, I subscribe myself, with all humility,

Your lordship's most obliged

and obedient servant,

The KIDDERMINSTER SOW.

P. S. Your lordship may possibly doubt the authenticity of this letter, as not conceiving the possibility of a sow conveying her thoughts in this manner ; but when you consider the *death-wound* I have received, all hesitation will be done away.

For *murder*, tho' it have no tongue, will speak
With most *miraculous* organ.

*The KIDDERMINSTER SOW, her REMONSTRANCE to
Mr. E——.*

But four days since ; no, not so much—not four,

A welcome guest to every house I came,

Maids gave me cabbage-stalks, and wash, good store,

And children lov'd to lisp pig-wiggy's name ;

Now

Now all is chang'd! where'er I turn my eye,
 Sad symptoms of disgust, and fear, I view;
 Men, maids, indignant frown as I pass by,
 And children learn to run 'ere I pursue.

Curs'd be the hour, when innocent of ill,
 I trotted forth to view the cavalcade;
 The Earl (to the OLD YELLOW* constant still)
 Follow'd by many a man, and many a maid.

For lo! beside him, (dozing as I thought)
 Sat the relentless murderer of my fame,
 Who forg'd, 'twixt sleep and wake, the horrid plot,
 That gave to infamy my injur'd name.

Ah, E——! E——! well thou know'st, I trow,
 I touch'd no chicken——I such food detest;
 How could'it thou then, subtly malicious, how,
 Aim at my heart, and stab me for a jest?

For all, so prone is man to credit lies,
 Receive the tale; and Cicely, as she puts
 The wash before me, grinds her teeth, and cries
 As round she kicks me—"curse your *dainty* guts!"

But they were never *dainty*. Pleas'd, I eat
 Coarse masts, and acorns, found beneath the tree;
 And if a codlin, or a crab, I met,
 "I bless'd my stars, and thought it luxury."

Lamented time! now cribb'd within my sty,
 With kicks kept waking, and with curses fed,
 I weep to find myself too lean to die,
 And envy those that to the block are led.

* Meaning, perhaps, his Lordship's favourite chaise.

But

But thóu, that with a brave contempt of truth,
 Stood'ft forth th' unblushing author of my wrong,
 Say, how wilt thou atone, unthíinking youth !
 The dire effects of thy licentious tongue ?

Go laugh, exult ! yet know the hour is nigh,
 When thou shalt dearly rue what charms thee now,
 And* wish thy Coke on Lyttelton would buy
 A long oblivion of the injur'd fow.

In vain ! in vain ! her angry form shall rise
 In more than mortal majesty array'd ;
 Terrific stalk before thy starting eyes,
 And haunt thee thro' the sunshine and the shade.

Ev'n when soft slumbers o'er thee 'gin to creep,
 Lugubrous grunts shall throb upon thy ear,
 " And murder, like Macbeth, the innocent sleep ;
 " Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care."

Yet more—while hungry in yon proud saloon,
 At the full board thou sitt'ft, with dainties crown'd,
 May —— if it *can* be, and for THEE alone,
 Something still wanting to the feast be found.

THY turkey may no savoury *sausage* grace,
 THY chicken may no luscious *ham* improve ;
 Still without *bacon* may'st thou eat THY pease ;
 Soft *bacon* ! object of thy fondest love.

* *Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
 Pallanta intactum.*

THE following letter was doubtless intended for the Chester post. By a mistake (probably of the servant) it was taken to the Salt-box. As all is fish that comes to the hook there, we make no scruple of serving it up.

DEAR PERCIVALL,

It is with the greatest pleasure I inform you, that the Rev. G. T—— is still safe, who, tho' on an unruly and mad horse, could not (such is his gallantry) avoid paying his proper reverence to the ladies.— This occasioned many, and various kicks and curvets of the animal: but through the skilful management of the rider, every thing ended propitiously; and he is supposed, tho' perhaps a little flustered for the moment, to have made as good a dinner as usual. We have since heard that he spent the evening at Eaton-Hall, where he joined in all the pleasures of the place, with his accustomed vivacity.

Your's, &c.

R. G.

YESTERDAY

YESTERDAY the rehearsal of HAMLET, which is to be performed by the ladies and gentlemen of Eaton-Hall, took place at twelve o'clock. Miss G——, who plays the part of the Queen, went through the two acts which were represented, with the greatest propriety. She spoke in an emphatical and graceful manner. Miss A. B——, we are happy to find, is to play Ophelia ; and she read her part in such a stile, as to promise a most excellent representation of that pleasing character. The performance gave great satisfaction to all who were present ; and our noble host, who is so good as to take upon him the task of manager and director, expressed his approbation in the highest terms.

Yesterday arrived Ash. Curzon, Esq. Lady Bromley, and Miss Curzon.

The very curious letter from Kidderminster to-morrow.

There will be a rehearsal this morning at twelve o'clock precisely.

NUMBER IV.

T H E
EATON CHRONICLE;
O R,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEPT. 2.

Kidderminster, August 30th, 1788.

To the Editor of the Eaton Chronicle.

S I R,

THE inhabitants of this populous town have been lately thrown into the greatest consternation, on account of a CHICKEN being gobbled up by a sow; which event, trifling as it may appear, is nearly connected with the prosperity of the place. For you must know, Mr. Editor, that as some workmen were digging the foundation of a hog-sty, about fifty years ago, they discovered a stone bearing an INSCRIPTION in very old characters, and almost illegible.

Upon

Upon an accurate examination it turned out to be the following Sibylline verses, containing a description of the events which should precede the demolition of Kidderminster.

Whanne the hare schalle hunte the hounde
 Fouretene myles on leuelle grounde ;
 Whanne the shepe schalle falle amayne,
 And labrocks dropp: lyke gouttes of rayne ;
 Whanne the frogge's schalle quit they're ponde,
 And scoure the heauen's lounde byponde ;
 Whanne the sowe Fryday's meet,
AND THE SOW A CHYCK SHALL EAT ;
 Thanne flee from KILL'D-HERE MYNSTER's thronge,
 Whether ye be auld or yonge.

You will observe, Mr. Editor, that in these verses, which are undoubtedly authentic, the name of the place is spelled Kill'd-here Mynster, which will warrant my asserting, that your learned correspondent, VERITAS, in tracing the etymology from the Saxon, has wasted his oil, and thrown away his erudition : for Kidderminster is an easy corruption of Killderminster, and what, pray, is Killder, but two plain English words, KILLED HERE ? Evidently a prophetic intimation of that horrid catastrophe which was to take place so many ages after
 the

the town was founded. In like manner, as the critics inform us, Rome was denominated from a Greek word, signifying strength, long before she acquired dominion or power to warrant the appellation. I shall conclude with a caution to the curious traveller, by whose means this atrocious deed of the sow was brought to light, to beware how he approaches the neighbourhood of Kidderminster, lest he fall a sacrifice to the fury of the inhabitants, who are apprehensive that he is the person doomed by the fates to discover the remainder of that mysterious chain of events in which the destiny of their town is involved.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

VERAX.

S O N G.

How sweet, when evening shades the plain,
 With her, the maid we love, to wander;
 To hear the woodland's dying strain,
 Where Deva's silver waves meander!
 To see the sun the western skies,
 In robes of glowing gold arraying;
 To see the moon and stars arise,
 Heaven's splendor to the earth displaying!

D 2

To

To mark, as night o'erglooms the air,
 (Silence her gradual reign extending)
A softness steal upon the fair,
 The lover's modest wish befriending!
And then to hear her sweetly speak
 In melting tones so softly flowing,
As tell, while blushes paint her cheek,
 Her heart with equal fervour glowing!

Ah! these are joys which heaven alone
 Reserves for those, its favour'd lovers ;
And these were mine—but ***'s gone,
 And grief with gloom the landscape covers,
Unheeded dies the woodland strain,
 Unheeded Deva's waves meander ;
The moon and stars now rise in vain——
 She's gone with whom I lov'd to wander.

WHEN a French poet shewed the famous Menage some verses, in which he had represented the shores going out to meet the king at his landing, the critic said to him, "though this was in my time, yet I do not recollect it." In like manner we say to the author of the following piece, though we were present at the rehearsal of yesterday, yet we were witnesses to very few of the scenes which you state to have happened at it. But let our readers judge.

Hasty

Hasty Sketch of Yesterday's Business.

The rehearsal being fixed for *twelve*, the company got to the theatre by *half after one*; and, as nobody knew a syllable of the *last act*, it was determined to begin with *that*.

The two Clowns were wonderfully facetious—but had like to have been grounded in the outset; for, upon enquiring for a SCULL, no such thing could be found! A hat, however, was at length procured, which, the Captain said, would do just as well. Thus furnished, the dialogue proceeded merrily, till Mr. E——, fancying he heard a sow grunt behind the scenes, dropt his spade in a fright, and ran to the front of the stage. This alarmed the audience; and Mrs. Thomas*, in endeavouring to make her escape over the benches, missed her foot, and fell heels over head into the lap of Miss B——; while Mrs. Rigby†

* Housekeeper at Lugin^A y wern, a seat of his lordship near Halkin, Flintshire.

† Housekeeper at Eaton-Hall,

dropt

dropt on her knees, and intreated the Rev. Mr. T—— to “ speak Latin to it.” No pen can describe the confusion that followed : at length Mrs. Pince got up, and said, she fancied it was the gardener’s man *singing* at the back of the theatre. This was found to be the case, and the audience, after rallying Mr. E—— a little on his mistake, resumed their seats with the greatest good humour,

After this there was no other interruption than what the hard words occasioned, till they came to the second scene, when a doubt arose, whether Ofric should not appear on the stage in a *bonnet*, seeing Shakespeare had equipped him with one. Miss G—— said she thought he should, and wished she had one to lend him ; upon which Lady B—— offered her’s :—but Mr. H—— settled the matter, by proving by $A = B = C = D$, that a *kat* would do just as well. This point was so long in agitation, that there was no time for rehearsing the scene ; and so the King, Queen, &c. came on the stage to see the fencing bout.

Foils

Foils there were none ; but Miss Arne lent her umbrella to Hamlet, and Mrs. R—— took a large dram-bottle out of her pocket, and handed it over to Laertes. This answered to a miracle ; but just as they were going to begin, the King declared he could not proceed without having every thing comfortable about him (whispering at the same time to Horatio, that he was very dry.) Upon this, a bowl of caudle was brought, into which his majesty, instead of a union, dropt one of his sleeve-buttons. This had like to have produced disagreeable consequences ; for Hamlet, who had an eye to the bowl, seeing what was done, put himself off his guard to expostulate about it, which being perceived by Laertes, he made a desperate lounge at him with the bottle, and drove the neck of it through the third button-hole of his waistcoat. Before it could be extricated, the Queen died away like a lamb ; and the King, seeing nobody attentive to him, slipped out to look for the rest of the caudle : so that when Hamlet turned upon him, there was nothing but an empty chair---upon which, having nothing

thing to do, he began to die himself. Here Mrs. R—— was of great service; for the prince had no idea of the matter. At first, she attempted to shew how it was, but her petticoats prevented her. Somebody whispered from behind the scenes, that she might do it in the Ghost's breeches. Here Captain G—— looked grave, and rebuked the prompter for laughing. At length she put her hands between his knees, and stretching out his right leg like a goose's after a nap, bent his left gracefully under him, and let him down charmingly.

This was the last act of this prodigious performance, which, as one of your correspondents has properly observed of a former rehearsal, “gave the greatest satisfaction.”

THE Address to the SALT-BOX to-morrow.

The SALT-BOX to the Authorefs of the Address in our second Number, to-morrow, if possible.

We know not what to say to the ADVERTISEMENT. If we could be assured that no more was meant than met the eye, we would insert it with pleasure; but we have our doubts.

NUMBER V.

T H E
EATON CHRONICLE;
O R,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEPT. 3.

IT is with conscious pleasure we remark, that the name of the Salt-box is already pretty widely diffused. The following dialogue is from —; but let the honest farmer introduce himself, and in his own way. We have not made the smallest alteration in any thing about him; for, plain as he is, he will not discredit the company.

E

TO

TO HIS LORDSHIP

THE EARL GROSVENOR,

Eaton-Hall.

LORD GROSVENOR,

My Lord, I hope you will not be offended at my troubling you with some of our country verses. Your worthy son's coming of age is great joy to us country farmers, I assure you ; and therefore, at such times, when you are making us all merry by your great and generous hospitality, I hope a little more freedom is excuseable. Indeed, my Lord, such as they are, they are my own ; only I got our school-master to look them over for me, and count the feet, as he told me they did not sound so well when one verse was a great deal too long for another ; and I got him likewise to help me a little in the spelling. I am, my Lord Grosvenor, asking pardon,

Your dutiful servant and tenant,

JOHN SHEPHERD.

Dialogue

Dialogue between Farmer JOHN and Farmer TOM.

JOHN.

God blefs us, Tom, did you e'er know
Such joyful time as this ?
In troth, I'm puzzled how to shew
The greatness of my blifs.
He's tall as any Cheshire lad,
And kind, and civil too—
A finer man's not seen, egad !
I tell thee, Tom, 'tis true.

TOM.

Why fure thy head is turn'd, and mad,
If ever one was seen.
But tell me, John, what makes thee glad,
And whither haft thou been ?

JOHN.

To Eaton-Hall. From foreign parts
The good lord's fon's return'd ;
Mind what I say—he'll win our hearts,
From what I soon difcern'd.

All friends are there of every kind,
The houle is full of mirth,
And every festive joy combin'd
To celebrate his birth.

They dance, they fmg, they drink around—
Our Madge does peep and grin ;
O lack ! what beauties do abound !
What fine men too there bin.

The wench I could not bring away,
 For all are welcome there ;
 What would I give that I could stay
 As well as her to stare !

Besides, she's ask'd to see the PLAY ;
 That will indeed be fine !
 The lords and ladies act, they say,
 And nicely speak each line.

For us whole oxen roasted are,
 And all may have a slice ;
 And all will come, both near and far,
 To feast so rare and nice.

With you, friend Tom, I must return,
 I cannot keep away :
 With love for Eaton-Hall I burn,
 GOD BLESS THEM ALL, I pray !

THE resignation of the Chancellor having been much the public theme of late, it is natural for thinking minds to be looking out for a successor to so high, so lucrative, and so important a charge as that of the Chancellorship. Who so proper then to succeeda THURLOW as an E—— ? A gentleman who has so greatly distinguished himself of late, in a nervous and spirited debate upon the extent of the power of Juries.

A PIN-

A PINDARIC ODE,

*Occasioned by the Rev. Mr. T—— having been stung on the**Chin by a WASP.**by M^r Drake Grover*

STROPHE.

Ah, black and yellow wasp !
 Thy cruel fury stay ;
 Could'st thou no other chin, relentless, grasp,
 Could'st thou no other fill with terror and dismay ?
 Had'st thou a *layman* stung,
 'Twere nought to this despite !
 Had'st thou more nobly to the Captain clung,
 And brav'd *him* to the fight,
 That valiant son of Mars had put thee soon to flight.
 But sure to make an unarm'd *parson* bleed,
 Was cowardly, indeed !

ANTISTROPHE.

From this assault, I ween,
 No protestant art thou ——
 Some popish imp, I trow,
 Come in disguise to vent thy spleen ;
 And —— to carry the farce on
 On the *chin* of a PARSON !
 If thus the doctrines of OUR church you hate,
 You might have better sped by boring thro' his *pate*.

EPODE.

Perhaps it is the devil that I address —
 For if (as some folks say) the devil can
 Look like a well-fed *ghost*, or well-fed *man*,
 'Tis

'Tis fair to guess
 Into a wasp's dimensions he may press.
 Thus then old nick his malice shews
 To us, he cannot subjects call :
 The Parson's *chin* he's stung : perchance he'll sting the *nose*
 Of every jovial guest at Eaton-Hall.

N. B. There are a great number of *wasps* here this summer.—Quere, Are they not all devils? If so, beware of noses. *Noses* are more prominent than *chins* in *some* people. With regard to the insects in question, I cannot help subjoining the following excellent admonition from Horace,—*Hos tu, Romane, caveto*; that is, ye that have Roman noses, take care of wasps.

To the SALT-BOX. *by Miss Gerson*

Happy thy fate ! whose charge till now unfit,
 From vulgar salt is chang'd to attic wit ;
 No longer subject to the cook's command,
 Or rude intrusion of the scullion's hand.
 Thee, hallow'd box, the 'Aonian maids attend,
 G—— thy guard, to every Muse a friend :
 He shall protect thy fame ; nor suffer aught
 To spring from thee, which, or in word, or thought,
 Indelicate, shall shock the tuneful Nine,
 Or chace the bashful sisters from thy shrine ;
 Then to thy charge be faithful, and receive
 Whate'er Apollo, or the Muses give—

The conclusion of this little piece is so blotted, as to be
 perfectly

perfectly illegible. We cannot dismiss it, however, without thanking the author for his good opinion of us, which it shall be our care to perpetuate.

To the Editor of the Salt-Box.

SIR,

You have more than once mentioned the rehearshals, without specifying the representatives of the various characters—Now, tho' this may be unnecessary for the gentlefolks ABOVE stairs, yet as your paper sometimes descends to us, we should be obliged to you for a list of the *Dramatis Personæ*, otherwise we must read in the dark.

From your very humble servants,

THE GENTLEFOLKS BELOW STAIRS.

It was our wish that the Salt-box might be confined to the breakfast-room. As it has some how or other, however, found its way out, we do not see any necessity for withholding the information desired; and are glad to observe, that the "Gentlefolks below Stairs" have not taken any indirect methods

methods of informing themselves. We have only to request their forbearance till to-morrow.

THE Salt-box to the Authorefs of the Addrefs in our second Number, is unavoidably postponed.

We should have apologized to the Author of the pretty Stanzas on the 1st of September, for not inserting them, if they had been sent sooner. We again desire our friends to take notice, that nothing can be received after ten o'clock.

There will be a rehearfal this morning at the usual hour.

NUMBER VI.

T H E
EATON CHRONICLE;
O R,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEPT. 4.

THE Dee has from the earliest times, been accounted a *magical* stream. The author of the following lines seems to have considered him as a *poetical* one; and if any of his inspiration be derived from thence, few people will be inclined to dispute his claims.

F

To

To the D E E.

Say, Deva, how oft in thy wave
Has late th' Enthusiast been seen
His lyre inharmonious to lave,
That unstrung till he saw thee, had been?

For such virtues inherit thy streams,
That let only the warm wish be there,
And, ting'd in thy waters, the beams
Of rich fancy e'en I too, may share!

For ah! hallow'd river, what time
On thy banks each immortaliz'd bard,
Each green-mantled Druid would rhyme
In strains—ah, no more to be heard!

When the harp's awful symphony rose
In magical sounds, from the woods
That crown thy dark stream as it flows,
And attention awak'd in the gods;

Then, Deva, enrich'd were thy waves
With such stores of poetical fire,
That the bard stands confess'd, as he laves
In thy waters his tremulous lyre.

To you then, sweet Deva, to you
I attribute a share of the verse
That each morning reveals to the view,
And that G—— delights to rehearse.

For there Inspiration is seen,
Each wild beauty, each grace its attire;
Yet there are who no poets had been
Had they ne'er dipt in Deva their lyre.

Bella!

Bella ! horrida bella !

WAR, war, he saw, war in precinct !

PAR. LOST.

MR. EDITOR,

I CAN assure you, this noble mansion is in a very great commotion ; so much so, that I really think it is in imminent danger of being pulled down about your ears. The body of Abigails (with reverence be it spoken) and all the great personages belonging to the steward's room, are so incensed, that it will be a difficult task to appease them. They were informed they were to be admitted into the theatre at the time of the rehearsal ; upon which they hurried on their Sunday cloaths, to give their first appearance all the eclat possible. But, Mr. Editor, judge of their disappointment when they heard of the permission being recalled, and those, who were actually in the house, indignantly turned out ! Really to people of their rank and fashion, it was an insult not to be put up with ; and they declared with one accord, that if they could *make a rhyme*, it should be on this occasion. The manner in which peace is to be restored to

the steward's room, I leave to the superior judgment of the "gentlemen above stairs." Something must speedily be done, or we shall all rue the consequences.

Your's, &c.

DICKY DINGLE.

S T A N Z A S

Occasioned first, by Yesterday's Morning being a fine one ; and secondly, by the havock then made among the Partridges. Not indeed (in justice to their humanity be it recorded) by Capt. G — and his Brother, who out of fifteen Shots a-piece, did not kill above ○ - ○ - ○ ; and consequently disappointed our most sanguine Cook, who counted too much on their Skill, and too little on their Humanity.*

AURORA with blushes appears,
 And night's dreary shades melt away ;
 A robe of rich purple she wears,
 Fring'd with gold, stole from Phœbus's ray,
 Nor does Phœbus neglect to pursue
 The goddess's roseate way,
 But his brilliant career to renew,
 Gives the reins to the coursers of day.

* This was written on the 2d of September.

All nature now puts on a smile
At the view of this bright-beaming pair ;
Who Sorrow's sad moments beguile,
And unwrinkle the forehead of Care.

Lordly man from his couch doth arise,
Lovely woman to charm doth prepare,
And the bird from his downy nest flies,
And the beast too is gone from his lair.

Thus rous'd, the new day to adore
All the world's vast creation prepare,
Save the partridge that's doom'd to deplore
This morn—the most curs'd of the year.

Hark ! hark ! with what plaintive lament
A sad partridge addresses the sun—
She gives her deep agonies vent,
In the moments she steals from the gun.

“ O fountain eternal of light !
“ How oft have you gladden'd this eye,
“ That alas ! in Oblivion's night
“ Must now close—the fates doom me to die.

“ What joy you to others impart !
“ Joy to ALL, save our desolate race,
“ Who are destin'd this morning to smart
“ Without mercy, distinction, or grace.

“ Already I hear the loud sound
“ Of the gun, and dread carnage foretell—”
In the midst of her plaints was she found,
And a victim to cruelty fell.

Whether

Whether the Captain's "humanity" prevented him from killing any partridges, (as the author of the above Stanzas seems to intimate) we know not. Certain it is, that he had no mercy on them after they were dead ; as the following lines but too clearly prove.

On Captain G—— desiring the Company to choose, each of them, a particular Part of a Partridge.

To make a choice is reckon'd fair,
 But to obtain it, is more rare ;
 Seated at table t' other night,
 The Captain, thinking some might bite,
 Made a sly vow to this effect :
 That he a partridge would dissect.
 Which done---" Your choice, said he, now make,
 And let each person freely take
 The part he likes." This, chusing, said
 I'll have the breast. That---I the head ;
 The legs, and wings, were quickly claim'd,
 And still---their appetites untam'd.
 There was a part, tho' last, not least,
 Left in the *rear* to grace the feast.
 The Captain try'd---he fear'd 'twould fail,
 But George cry'd out " I'll have the tail."
 Thus, tho' we knew't not worth a farthing,
 We all agreed he'd bought a bargain.

IN consequence of our promise of yesterday, we here present the "gentlefolks below stairs" with a list of the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Hamlet,</i>	Lord Belgrave,
<i>King,</i>	R. Grosvenor, Esq.
<i>Polonius, and First Grave Digger,</i>	T. Grosvenor, Esq.
<i>Horatio,</i>	R. D. Grosvenor, Esq.
<i>Laertes,</i>	Marquis of Worcester.
<i>Guildensterne, Ostrick, and Second Grave Digger,</i>	} Mr. Eaton.
<i>Bernardo and Lucianus,</i>	
<i>Marcellus, and Player King,</i>	Mr. Boydell.
<i>Ghost,</i>	Mr. Porden.
	Mr. Hailstone.
<i>Gertrude,</i>	Miss Grosvenor,
<i>And Ophelia,</i>	Miss A. Bower.

WE have received FAUTOR's long letter. We will consider the plan he proposes, and give him an answer.

We have, some how or other, mislaid the letter from Kidderminster. If the author will favour us with a copy of it, we shall esteem it a particular favour.

"MY OWN HISTORY" to-morrow, if possible.

NUMBER VII.

T H E
EATON CHRONICLE;
O R,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEPT. 4.

BEFORE we proceed to the *amusements*, it will be right to settle the *business* of the day. We have received the following expostulation from an indignant lady, and we are anxious to give the gentlemen the earliest opportunity of retracting their censure, or supporting it in a more open and liberal manner.

G

To

To the Editor of the Salt-Box.

S I R,

IT has been whispered to me, that after we, ladies, had quitted the dining-room the other night, you, gentlemen, took advantage of our absence, to run down, in a most violent manner, the little deity of our toilet, and the very life of our existence bon ton. Dimn—n ! Sir, I must tell them it was very unfair, to make so unprovoked an attack upon our rights and privileges, without allowing the accused to have a single advocate of our sex to defend them. You were conscious, gentlemen, of the weakness of your cause, by going so clandestinely to work. Time wont allow me to say more at present ; but you may depend upon it, gentlemen, that I will never see innocence attacked, nor the rights of our empire infringed upon, without sacrificing my life, nay even my cap, in their defence.

Your's, &c.

To

To the Authorefs of the ADDRESS in the fecond Number.

NYMPH ! who in fecret wak'ft the trembling ftrings,
To founds, which all the powers of verfe difplay ;
As, hid in fhades, the bird of evening fings,
And fooths the grove with his melodious lay,

Accept my grateful thanks for the warm prayer
“ That conftant votaries ftill might croud my fhine,”
And O, might all thy infpiration fhare,
And pay their tribute in a ftain like thine !

Cold is the heart that pants not to attain
The meed of fame, fweet recompence of toil !
But ah ! how few the envied guerdon gain,
Bleft with the Mufe's, and the Grace's fmile !

Yet doubt not thou ——— for, as my guardian read ;
Applaufive murmurs follow every line,
Rapture illumines each face as he proceeds,
And all our hands, and all our hearts are thine.

O may thy bright example touch the reft——
Ye youths of EATON ! wake the flumbering lyre :
Here, here are charms to warm the coldeft breaft,
And fenfe to pleafe, and virtue to infpire !

And you, ye maids ! that thro' the tangled grove,
And flowery lawn, purfue your sportive way ;
While every gale breathes health, and peace, and love,
Give the foft tranfport to fome grateful lay.

So when old time time these friendly towers shall rive,
And EATON live but in its honours past,
My name the awful ruin shall survive,
And, join'd with your's, to distant ages last.

THE SALT-BOX.

The HUNTING of EATON-HALL.

YESTERDAY commenced at Eaton, the ancient diversion of hunting the hare.— About noon came into the court divers grooms, leading high-mettled horses; next came the hounds, attended by two portly huntsmen, equipped in scarlet jackets. The chiding of the hounds, and the cracking of the whips, filled the court with sounds that excited sentiments of the most blithe and jocund nature. Lastly descended from the hall, the well-greaved knights, and courteous damsels. After some little time spent in discoursing upon the dangers of the field, each ventrous knight vaulted upon his courser, and took an affectionate leave of the lady of his affections, who was not sparing in putting up prayers for his safe return. The cavalcade passed thro' the park towards the ferry, without any material accident;

cident ; but an unlucky spark flying out of the blacksmith's shop, on the hill, so affrighted Mr. H——'s long-tailed charger, that he started violently against my Lord of W——'s steed, and bruised his master's knee against a wicker bottle, which the noble Marquis carried in his pocket, for the sake of supporting the courage of the company, and of HIMSELF. After this disturbance was settled, the cavalry passed the river in good order ; and no sooner were they landed on the other side, than they galloped away with great intrepidity, leaving the ferry-man unpaid. After they were arrived on the field of action, the first object of their fury was a poor grimalkin, who that morning, allured by the freshness of the air, had left her home——ah, never to return ! While each man was silently indulging in the emotions this melancholy scene excited, a hideous and infernal cry was heard, and all, quickly looking round, beheld the gentle E—— surrounded, and in imminent danger of being devoured by an innumerable herd of merciless SWINE :—and then, had the youth's wonted valour inspired his breast,

breast, dire would have been the conflict, and many a well-fed ham have reeked along the plain : but bethinking himself of the venison and claret that awaited his return, his wrath gave place to milder sentiments, and he determined to seek his safety in flight, and to scour off with the utmost precipitation. In the mean time his gallant comrades made an excellent disposition to favour his retreat, and keep the furious beasts at a distance. The rescue being accomplished, at length the timid hare was roused from her place of security, and pursued with prodigious perseverance for the space of *three* minutes, when a field of unripe corn favoured her escape. By this time the various events of the morning had taken such hold of each man's breast, that it was thought better to return, than to expose themselves to any farther risk that day. Accordingly, with slow and pensive steps, they marched back to Eaton-Hall, pondering much on the unaccountable antipathy which they observed to subsist between the courteous E——, and the bristly race.

SONG.

S O N G.

If ever prayer of hapless love
Might, gentle hours, your pity move
Now urge your flight with speediest wing,
And to these arms my A—— bring.
Dear maid! what charm like her can cheer
When fortune frowns, the sinking soul!
Her smile unfurls the brow of care,
And sickness owns her song's controul.

Long, long my fond impatient heart
Hath felt suspense's restless smart!
How slowly mov'd the prince of day!
Yon moon—how tedious her delay!
O Cynthia! down the azure fly,
And bid thy brother shine again;
And tell him, ere he quits the sky
To make my wish no longer vain.

O lend, ye hours, a favouring ear!
That hour which brings my charmer here;
That happy hour, my grateful rhyme
Shall rescue from the stream of time.
The sprightly notes that tell my joy
For ever give "that hour" to fame;
For sure its memory ne'er can die,
When join'd in song with A——'s name.

IF we knew how to convey a letter to Thalia (a circumstance not even provided for by Mr. Palmer's new plan) we would inform her that her Remonstrance* has had all the effect she could reasonably have expected, and that she is admitted to share the evening with her "glum sister." The Rev. Gentleman, indeed, could not be prevailed upon to play Miss Lucy, for reasons which we do not think proper to publish; and as no one else dared to undertake it, after the marked preference the Goddeſs had ſhown the Parſon, it was found neceſſary to take another piece. HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS was at length fixed upon; and we truſt Thalia will not be diſpleaſed with the choice of the entertainment, nor the diſtribution of the characters.

MY OWN HISTORY is obliged to be deferred till to-morrow.

We have communicated FAUTOR's plan to ſeveral of our friends, and they concur in thinking it impracticable.

* See the firſt Number.

NUMBER VIII.

T H E
EATON CHRONICLE;
O R,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEPT. 6.

MY OWN HISTORY.

*Olim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum ;
Quem faber incertus scamnum faceretne Priapum,
Maluit esse DEUM.*

MIDST EATON's groves in former times,
(Ladies ! I hope you'll like my rhymes)
A stunted tree was I,
And rogues assembled round my root,
Have waited for his lordship's fruit,
'Till darkness veil'd the sky.

At length the axe disturb'd the caws
Of noisy magpies, rooks, and daws,
That nestled round my head ;

H

And

And William*, at one sturdy stroke,
 Me from my old companions, broke,
 Joint tenants of the shade.

Long time in thoughtful posture stood
 This fell artificer of wood,
 Then straight produc'd his rule :—
 Now was my destiny at stake ;
 For much he mus'd, if he should make
 A SALT-BOX, or a stool.

When Jove, to end the doubtful strife,
 On which was hung my future life,
 Sent Pallas, quickly down ;
 Who, borrowing Mrs. Rigby's cloak,
 With nimble step, went and bespoke
 A SALT-BOX of the clown.

Long time, with general approbation,
 I fill'd the duties of this station,
 Tickling each various palate ;
 To ME the cook ow'd half his art,
 Whether he'd flavour to impart,
 To venison, or to salad.

And certes, in this humble state
 I still had liv'd, had not my fate
 To Eaton brought, I trow
 The gayest choir of nymphs and swains,
 That ever trod these happy plains,
 Since Dee began to flow.

* W. Henkenfon, the carpenter.

For while they some RECIPIENT sought,
 To hold the numerous things they wrote,
 And all in turn opin'd ;
 And this declar'd a trunk her choice ;
 That for a tea-chest gave his voice ;
 And none were of a mind.

That gracious power that rul'd my birth,
 Sent Pallas down again to earth,
 Who twitch'd* Earl Grosvenor's ear ;
 And whispering said, " Upon my word,
 Your Lordship's friends are quite absurd,
 When they've a SALT-BOX here."

With that he turn'd, and on the board
 Beheld ME stand, new wash'd, and scour'd ;
 (Plac'd by the Goddess there)
 The object straight, caught every eye,
 And " SALT-BOX ! SALT-BOX !" was the cry
 Of each consenting fair.

Now plac'd behind the saloon door,
 The nymphs and swains my bosom store
 With tributary lays ;
 And, did they oftner write, my name
 Might soon eclipse the lavish fame
 Of Lady Millar's VASE.

THE SALT-BOX.

* *Cynthis aurem*
Vellet & admonuit.

VIRG.

H 2

To

To the Editor of the Eaton Chronicle.

SIR,

THE inclosed was found last night between nine and ten o'clock, in the path leading from the lodge to the servants hall. Whether Mr. C——, to whom it was addressed, dropt it out of his pocket, or whether (what is more likely) the fellow that brought it having consigned his memory to that oblivion which Eaton ale usually produces, forgot to deliver it, and lost it on his return, I cannot pretend to determine. As its contents, however, are of a most serious nature, and, as an action may be brought unawares against Mr. C——, I thought no time should be lost in making it public ;—more especially, as it may serve as a *caution* to such of the Eaton gentry as might be induced to follow the example of one, whom years (it might be supposed) should have prevented from playing such pranks ; I have therefore consigned the whole to the Salt-box, and am, Mr. Editor,

Your's, &c.

A FRIEND TO THE FAMILY.

The

*The humble Petition of Martha Nobbs, to the
humane Mrs. Deborah Dubskelper,*

SHEWETH,

That on Tuesday last about noon, as Polly Nobbs, my lame daughter, was washing the head of Bobby Nobbs at the door, she gives a loud shriek all of a sudden, drops poor Bobby into the swill-tub, and, skelping into the house, sounds away. Sukey Nobbs sounds away at the same time, and falls from the loft, where she was cropping after some dried cabbage, into the swill-tub too. I skelps to the door, and there I sees a figure with great green eyes, mounted on a huge camel, with a monstrous raw head : frightened to death, I sounds away too. Lord, Madam, wouldn't you have done the same? When I recollar'd my senses, poor dear little Bobby Nobbs was as dead as a door nail. Sukey had scrambled out of the tub, but was so tremblous, she had forgot her brother.

That your humble petitioner has since heard as how it was a gemman in disguise, one Master C——. A sad thing to fright
poor

poor volks to death thus, for gemmen's fun ! Poor Bobby will haunt him for't.— And so, dear charitable Madam, as I have before experimented your bounty, so, if you will be pleased to help me out a bit in fraying the expences of my child's funeral, your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c. &c.

M. NOBBS.

THIS was inclosed in the following letter from Mrs. Deborah.

To Aft. C—, *Esq.*

S I R,

I think you must see the folly of this species of buffoonery in its full force, especially at your time of life, when, as the man in the play says, “ the heigh-ho ! of the blood is over.” You will not scruple undoubtedly to defray the expences of Bobby's funeral, and to do something handsome for poor Martha, who is, as you may perceive, disconsolate for the loss of him. If you hesitate about the matter, I confess I shall have no scruple in bringing you before the tribunal

nal of justice. I have taken the advice and opinion of my attorney and factotum on the subject: under HIM I am never afraid of proceeding to business. Not by way of threat, but by way of putting the matter out of all dispute, I subjoin his opinion, which I hold to be found law.

Your's, &c.

DEB. DUBSKELPER.

THIS OPINION, which we, as well as Mrs. Deborah, hold to be found law, cannot possibly appear till to-morrow.

THE losses of the Kidderminster hen
Have been recorded by a famous pen ;
By E——, who, just-minded, worthy man,
Redresses grievances whene'er——he can :
In abler hands I leave the guilty swine,
Nor will I on her spend one angry line.

Now to *my* tale pray lend a pitying ear ;
A sigh at least 'twill draw, perhaps a tear.
The other morning as I chanc'd to stray,
I bent towards the theatre my way,
And silent view'd the stage so long neglected,
On which a second Roscius was expected ;
When lo ! my musing on a sudden stopp'd——
Two rats enormous from the curtain popp'd ;

The

The aged parents of a numerous brood ;
And from their converse this I understood.

Times are much chang'd, my loving friend and spouse,
Since here we us'd to frolic and carrouse ;
No more by day dare we make our sad meal,
And scarce this tranſient interview we ſteal.
The noble Earl, ſo fam'd for his urbanity,
Even he himſelf, for us has no humanity ;
He makes his gueſts each day their parts diſcuſs,
And never thinks their *play* is *death* to us.

We have received a letter from one of our fair correſpondents, who makes herſelf extremely merry (we gueſs pretty well *why*) with the ignorance of the Eaton-Hall gentry, in German. This, by the bye, is not ſo great as ſhe imagines. Some other things too, which they pretend to, ſhe will not give them credit for. We truſt, *upon trial*, they will be found to anſwer better than ſhe expects. For the reſt, we would have inſerted the letter, if we had not been apprehenſive of a ſnake in the graſs. We fancied we perceived the *ſling* ; if we were miſtaken, the Authoreſs muſt thank herſelf for not clearing the way better before us.

The elegant Stanzas, by way of Prologue, to-morrow.

NUMBER IX.

T H E
EATON CHRONICLE;
O R,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEPT. 7.

WE do know that sweet hand, said
Malvolia when he found Maria's
letter. We may be mistaken, as Malvolia
was ; but we think we recognize the author
of the " Address to the Salt-box," in the
following elegant lines.

SPIDERO'S LAMENTATION

ON THE

SWEEPING OUT OF THE PLAY-HOUSE.

Beneath the covert of a spreading yew
SPIDERO sat, and roll'd his vengeful eyes ;
The flies with horror saw, and trembling flew,
His bulk so vast, and jaws of monstrous size.

I

Causeless

Causeless they flew :—for him no wish of prey
 Mov'd at that hour to try his fraudulent art :
 Far other thoughts his troubl'd bosom sway,
 And thus he pours the sorrows of his heart.

Curst be the day, he cries, and curst the hour,
 When the dread word to "SWEEP THE HOUSE," was
 given ;
 When our sad race by cruel besom's power,
 Forth from their *antient* haunts were rudely driven.

These sorrowing eyes, alas ! saw Fanny's* arm
 Uplifted high, the topmost pane to reach ;
 In vain I strove my family to alarm,
 In vain I strove my longest legs to stretch :

For ere I came I saw my lovely mate,
 The fairest spinner she of all the room ;
 My beauteous children too—ah, cruel fate !
 All crush'd together in one general doom.

Securely now, ye gnats, ye vagrant flies,
 Ye blue-bottles, secure the windows roam :
 To seize ye now, no foe in ambush lies,
 Alas ! " Spidero's occupation's gone !"

Where wert thou, INDUSTRY, when this sad chance
 Befel the race that most revere thy name ?
 Say, wert thou gone to steady, sprightly France,
 Or urge the slow, neglectful sons of Spain ?

* Fanny Davis, the house-maid.

For me, who live these losses to deplore,

Do thou, at least, my ardent prayer attend—

Resume the favours thou hast shewn before,

And never more that barbarous maid befriend.

O, may each Sunday still to her prove wet!

Or, if the chance to walk some flattering morn,

May sudden showers still spoil her last new hat,

Still may she meet her favourite sweetheart's scorn!

OPINION

*Of Timothy Sleet, Attorney, Chest. on the
CASE put to him by Mrs. Deborah Dub-
skelper.*

UNDER the circumstances of the present case, I am clearly of opinion, that Ash. C——, Esq. (brother to the Right Hon. Lord Scarfsdale, and brother-in-law to the Right Hon. the Earl Grosvenor) having with malicious intent, put himself, or horse, or both, into masquerade, and for the sole, and only purpose, of frightening to death, the good and well-disposed inhabitants of the city of Chester; and having so far succeeded, as to frighten to death young Mas-

ter Nobbs, son of that peaceable woman Martha Nobbs ;—the aforesaid Ash. C——, Esq. is, according to the strict letter, and meaning of the law of this land, guilty of FELONY without benefit of clergy :—for felony includes petit treason, homicide, rape, burning of houses, burglary, robbery, breach of prison, (where the prisoner is chargeable with a felony) rescues and escapes, and murder ; of which last crime, the said Ash. C——, Esq. being most especially, and notoriously guilty ; and the which being deemed the worst of crimes—vide, 3 Inst. 53. H. P. C. 55. Lytt. 26. I am of OPINION, that the said Ash. C—— should be, all circumstances duly considered, drawn, and quartered :—because, thro' malice prepense, eschewing piety and religion, when he sallied forth in masquerade, he cherished a wish to *frighten to death*. Now, to frighten to death, signifying something *unlimited*, he, in all probability, had it in aforethought malice, to kill ten, twenty, fifty, or perhaps a hundred, of the quiet and well-disposed inhabitants of this ancient and loyal city of Chester. I shall just state one more case in
confir-

confirmation of my opinion. Plut. 122.
 H. P. C. 53—if a man have an ox or horse,
 that he knows to be mischievous, and do
 not tie them up, if they occasion the death
 of any man, woman, or child, the owner
 may be indicted, as having feloniously killed
 such man, woman, or child.

T. SLEET.

S T A N Z A S

BY WAY OF PROLOGUE.

by Mr. Curzon

KIND Auditors! pray, hear me speak:

My nature is both shy, and meek,
 And therefore fittest to display
 The terrors of the approaching play.—

For THOSE indulgence I implore
 Who never trod the stage before;

They wait in anxious thought to know
 How far your clemency will go.

E'en now the gen'rous Hamlet's sad,
 And fair Ophelia's almost mad:

The injur'd Ghost dreads to impart
 The inward feelings of his heart,

Left fear and sorrow thus combin'd,
 Should quite unhinge his Hamlet's mind.

Horatio,

Horatio, too, has no relief
 To give his friend, or ease his grief ;
 And all amaz'd, as if to see
 The Ghost e'en now, arm'd cap-a-pè.
 Polonius in his turn, is sad,
 And scarce to the Queen can say " he's mad."
 Nay, would behind the arras stay,
 Rather than risk his part to play,
 And be a " fish-monger" indeed,
 Than before this assembly plead—
 Their situation thus they feel,
 And you alone their wounds can heal :
 May I bow out, and let your candour say
 "WE WILL NOT BE SEVERE, HOWE'ER YOU
 PLAY."

Yesterday Earl Grosvenor, as well as all
 the visitors at Eaton-Hall, attended the
 meeting of the Royal British Archers, which
 was held at Mr. Wilson's, of Trevallyn.
 Many were the carriages that attended to
 carry this most respectable body ; amongst
 which we noticed one built according to the
 general construction of a calf-cart. This
 was well occupied by a party lately come
 from Essex, who, in conformity to the cus-
 tom of their country, gave it the preference.

Some

Some butchers approaching, in hopes to make a bargain, were unexpectedly disappointed in their design upon the cargo ; all declaring, that “ they were too dear for their money.”

It is hoped by all who know the merits of Miss B—— in the *arching* way, that she has found the arrow which occasioned so many *sharp* and *stinging* things to be directed against Capt. G——.

To the EATON SONGSTRESSES.

Hark ! what plaintive choral notes

Panting on the list'ning air,

Murmuring float from yonder bower !

Lov'd recess from noise and care.

Far from Phoebus' sultry ray,

There the tuneful maids assemble ;

And, while dulcet strains they join,

With melody the green leaves tremble,

Softly sweet to Tuscan measures

Now M—— tunes the lyre, *Miss Grobner*

Sounds harmonious charm the soul—

Joy and love her tones inspire.

When

When "per joco" E—— warbles, *Lady Brindley*

Th' attic songster pours his throat ;

When El—— joins, the Muses *Miss Cogan*
Seem to harmonize each note.

Nor shall gentle Em—— lack *Miss Emma Grosvenor*
Praises due to *tender* strains ;

Nor gay F—— be forgot, *M^{rs} J. Grosvenor*

While o'er song Euterpe reigns.

THE letter from Kidderminster is apparently spurious. We know that the woman hanged herself in the HEN-ROOST ; but have since been informed (on the best authority) that she was cut down, and recovered, by her disconsolate husband. As we have hitherto adhered to truth with the most scrupulous exactness, in this enormous business, we dare not start from it now : we cannot, therefore, consent to charge Mr. E—— with a death that never happened.

The well written letter from Mr. Pince, to-morrow.

The Rebus is received ; but we beg leave to decline inserting it. Some of the MAGAZINES, perhaps, may take it in ; but the SALT-BOX is only open to *genuine* wit, and *wholesome* sense.

NUMBER X.

THE
EATON CHRONICLE;
OR,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEPT. 9.

THE following letter was received late last night, from one of the worshipful the Aldermen of Chester.

To the Editor of the Salt-Box.

SIR,

You are desired to give immediate notice to the public, of the steps that have been taken to bring to justice the perpetrator of that wanton and unheard-of cruelty, committed under the walls of the venerable city of Chester, on Tuesday last.

K

“ The

“ The humble Petition of Martha Nobbs to Mrs. Deb. Dub.——” The letter then goes on to recite the pet. together with the opinion of counsel, &c. &c. nearly as we gave it in the eighth and ninth Numbers of our Chronicle ; after which it proceeds thus : “ Application was accordingly made to the Mayor of Chester, who, upon mature consultation with the Aldermen, Common Council, Justices of the Peace, &c. did, on the aforesaid depositions of the said Martha Nobbs, issue out his warrant to the Constables, Petty Constables, Head-boroughs, &c. to attach, and bring the body of the said Ash. C—— before him, or some other Justice of the Peace, to be dealt with according to law.

THIS produced the following notice from the Constable.

Sunday, Sept. 7th.

To his Worship the Mayor of Chester.

“ In pursuance of your honour’s warrant, the hue and cry was immediately made thro’ the different parts of the County of Chester, and

and to all the sea-ports, and borders of this ancient principality of Wales, till after sunset on Tuesday, without success. No tidings on Wednesday. On Thursday, Sept. 4th, a suspicious-looking person, answering the description, in company with a tall, thin man in black, was seen sculking in the lanes, fields, and hedges about Wrexham; on which your honour's warrant was backed by the Justices of the principality of Wales, and an order given by them to have the offender, together with the nature of the offence, advertised in the country papers fifty miles round, and in the Eaton Chronicle; so that it is hoped the body of the said Ash. C—— will be soon apprehended, and lodged in goal, to be removed by habeas corpus to take his trial at the ensuing Lent assizes, and goal delivery, in the City of Chester, for the malicious and cruel murder of little Bobby Nobbs."

Nothing can be more affecting to a considerate mind, than the different ideas of different people on the same subject. While the worthy Constable we have just parted

from, was treating the death of young Master Nobbs in the most serious manner, was another person employed in turning the whole to a jest ! Which of them deserves best of his country, and indeed of all good men, may be determined after perusing the following

S O N G.

TO THE TUNE OF THE VICAR AND MOSES.

Ah, wicked despight
 To destroy, by a fright
 Bobby Nobbs, the delight of poor Martha !
 Thro' the city to press
 In masquerade dress,
 Like that worn in the days of King Arthur !
 Tol de rol.

But when Arthur's knights,
 Worthy war-waging wights
 With dread fury that city attack'd ;
 Each Cestrian brigade
 In the rows was array'd,
 And each " raw-head and bloody-bones " thwack'd.

But you, Mr. C——,
 With sharp-pointed spurs on,
 Thro' the city your course madly take,
 Without intimation
 Create consternation,
 And sans previous notice, war make.

Despising

Despising the rules
Of old politic schools,
And the wise "Law of Nations" deriding;
Your war-horse astride
You furiously ride,
And havock and ruin take pride in:
One caution, and then
I'll relinquish my pen:
Beware of the good folks of Chester.
Your farm is full near,
If you *there* once appear,
Papa ne'er again will see ESTHER.

THE following letter is from Mr. Pince;
and we sincerely hope it will be the last he
will have occasion to write on the subject.

To the Right Hon. the Earl Grosvenor, &c.

MY LORD,

I am sorry to trouble your lordship a second time; but, as the strange gentleman in the play says, If my duty is too bold, my love is too unmannerly.—To my great amazement, after the notice your lordship was pleased to take of my last letter, and the prohibition that was issued in consequence of it, to all melancholy, and moon-struck lovers, rhymers, &c. &c. I found
yesterday,

yesterday, on one of your lordship's noblest oaks, (which was unmercifully stript for the carving of them) these Stanzas, which I copied verbatim, and which I have taken the liberty of inclosing, as an alarming proof of the pertinacity of your lordship's guests, and a convincing specimen of their small pretensions to that *reputation*, which (please your lordship) could only, according to my poor way of thinking, have entitled them to the smallest consideration; or given them the most distant excuse for their profanation of these hallowed groves. My lord, as you regard my reputation as an honest man, and your own oaks, if you detect the author, pray spare him not. Being your lordship's dutiful servant to command,

J. BARTLETT PINCE.

P. S. I suspect them to be the production of the unhappy young man that gave rise to my first complaint, as B—— is traced upon many of the neighbouring trees, and always in the same character.

The lay to Minerva is due,

Who, poiz'd betwixt mirth and reserve,

The mid-way path loves to pursue,

Nor from it capriciously swerve.

And

And due is to Venus the lay ;
 To fair Venus, the Goddess of Love !
 Who toys the light moments away,
 But ah ! not with ME—in the grove.

And due to the Queen of the skies,
 Is the lay—but the subject's so noble,
 Its aid my weak pen-knife denies,
 And leaves me, poor bard, in a hobble.

I hope your lordship will not think it presumptuous in me to subjoin a few lines of my own composition. I assure you, my lord, I never had the vanity (although somewhat applauded in the lower regions) to think them worthy of spoiling your lordship's trees ; so never unbarked any oaks on their account. They are the offspring of an humble Muse. DIGNITY, BEAUTY, and WIT inspired them.

The blue-ey'd Minerva with dignified mein,
 In various descriptions poetic thou'lt seen :

When there thou hast seen her,
 Say, didst thou not think of RIGBINA !

When I dream of fair Venus in bowers of viburnum,
 In soft laurustinus, and eke of laburnum,

I see, while these screen her,
 The beautiful nymph THOMASINA !

If Juno, the sister and consort of Jove,
 Thou'lt seen so majestic roam thro' the grove,
 Thou'd'st have doubted between her
 And the stately, the elegant ROBINSONINA.

Give me leave to add, my lord, that the above simple stanzas have had the effect of restoring peace and tranquillity to our nymphs and swains; as they have calmed the indignation that was arising in the bosoms of Rigbina and Thomafina, at not having been celebrated before—an honour to which they justly thought themselves entitled.

J. B. P.

In justice to Mr. Pince, we cannot dismiss his letter, without hinting at a circumstance, which gives additional force to his appropriation of characters, and which his own modesty alone, prevented him from noticing; namely, that the dignified Minerva, alias Rigbina, is at this time lame of her left leg; the beautiful Venus, alias Thomafina, lame of her right; and the majestic Juno, alias Robinsonina, lame of both!

WE have now nearly gone through our tenth Number; and we cannot finish it better than by returning our sincere thanks to those that have enabled us to do it with such general satisfaction. We are almost ashamed to say, that the greater part of our praise is due to the ladies, as the gentlemen (with very few exceptions) have consented to be amused, without endeavouring to amuse in turn.

NUMBER XI.

T H E
EATON CHRONICLE;
O R,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEPT. II.

THIS is the second paper it has been our fortune to begin with an Epitaph ; and we have felt a pang, a bitter pang, on a comparative view of the different state of the two subjects of them. The one* full of years, and honours, died in the bosom of his family, after a hearty breakfast. The other (a “ child of misery baptized in tears”) perhaps never eat a breakfast in his life ; and after a brief and wretched exist-

* Mr. Henry Hudson,—vid. our first Number.

L

ence

ence of a few months, was wantonly cut off in the midst of a painful operation, viz. having his head washed ! Our readers will see, that we allude to Bobby Nobbs, who was buried last Wednesday, and for whom the humane Mrs. Deborah Dubskelper composed the following

E P I T A P H.

Here lies, i' th' lap of earth, poor Bobby Nobbs,
 Who, in his little life had many cobb—
 From Martha first, who, tho' she often kist him,
 Did never think it sacrilege to fist him,
 But held it doctrine sound, and sapient too,
 When children cry, to beat them black and blue.
 And next from Polly Nobbs, of May the rose,
 Who, up and down* like the world, always goes :
 The daily pressure of her gentle fist
 On's back and loins, he scarcely ever mist ;
 While " noisy brat !" would to'ther sister cry,
 And to each ear her ell-wide palm apply.
 Nor these alone—for, from his father's arms,
 Was Bobby Nobbs oft seiz'd with dire alarms.
 Oft right and left, uplifted did he spy,
 With desperate birch, his b— to scarify.
 Thus fifty long revolving moons had seen
 This wretched boy the sport of ire and spleen,

* Because she has one leg considerably longer than the other, as we mentioned in our first account of this atrocious business.

Had

Had seen him buffeted, revil'd by all,
 Whom father, mother, sisters lov'd to maul;
 The but at which they sped both day and night,
 The shafts of passion, and impatient spight.

By parents' hands, howe'er, the gods decreed
 That Bob should not definitively bleed:
 A dread phenomenon, with headlong rage
 Drives thro' the streets, appalling youth and age;
 The affrighted sister lets her brother slide
 From her fair hands, and lo! a swill-tub wide,
 Invidious fate! receives the hapless boy,
 Whom soon, too soon, its foul contents destroy—
 His life since Martha came too late to save,
 Lo! to an earthly from a wat'ry grave,
 With dirges due she tends, alas! his hearse,
 And to his memory gives this weeping verse.

We are happy to have it in our power to relieve our readers from the regret and sorrow they must feel at the perusal of the foregoing simple and affecting *lines*, by subjoining the following letter from the keeper of Stafford goal, which was kindly transmitted to us by the Mayor of Chester, and by which they will see that the fatal occasion of *them*, is in a fair way of atoning for his misdeeds.

To the Worshipful the Mayor of Chester.

SIR,

Comparing the several advertisements in the Shrewsbury, Coventry, Stafford, Liverpool, Birmingham, and EATON papers, with the Chester, describing the person, and camel, on which a wanton and malicious murder was committed, near the walls of Chester, on Tuesday last, I sent out my runners, being informed one answering the description was seen about seven in the morning, hunting with a certain baronet, on a spot of ground, known by the name of Carnock Chace. Accordingly I ventured to take him up on suspicion, and have lodged him in Stafford goal, ready to be removed by habeas corpus, to take his trial at Chester, at the ensuing assizes. From your dutiful servant, &c.

PADLOCK BIRMINGHAM, *Goaler.*

P. S. The Mayor and Corporation of Stafford, Birmingham, and Coventry, beg your worship will favour them with a circumstantial

cumstantial account of the event of this trial, it being an unheard-of, and new species of murder.

S T A N Z A S.

I, at noon-tide's sultry hour,
 In a close sequester'd bower,
 Lovely Em—— lately found
 Sleeping on the flowery ground.
 While I feast my ravish'd eye,
 Lo! a vain and wanton fly,
 In his summer coat array'd
 Dar'd to kiss the sleeping maid.
 Oft her blooming cheek he prest,
 Oft her snowy neck carest,
 And oft, audacious! dar'd to sip
 Nectar from her glowing lip.
 Then, to a new-blown rose-bud flying,
 And in its fragrant bosom lying,
 Rifles all its sweets, and then
 Flits to E——'s lips again,
 Seeming curious to compare
 The pride of Flora with my fair.

“ Foolish insect! can the rose
 “ Sweets like E——'s breath disclose?
 “ Can its leaves of deepest dye
 “ With her blushing beauties vie?

“ Foolish insect! hence, away——
 “ Or I spoil thy idle play:

Hence!

" Hence! or thy presumptuous joys
 " This vindictive hand destroys.
 " He, who from jealous anguish free,
 " A rival *fly* can tamely see,
 " Never did his bosom prove
 " The fervour of a genuine love."

Rage my breast had scarcely warm'd,
 Scarce the murderous thought was form'd,
 Ere the fly his pinions spread,
 And with a sportive zephyr fled,
 And, as he lightly skimm'd along,
 Thus, methought, sarcastic sung.

" See! *****, jealous, see!
 " I am from thy E—— free,
 " While hapless thou, art doom'd to prove
 " The *lasting* pangs of anxious love:
 " But if thus, thy soul was mov'd
 " For that I too curious, rov'd
 " O'er every soft, enchanting grace,
 " Of thy matchless E——'s face,
 " How canst thou let the vagrant air,
 " So freely wanton with the fair?
 " Lo! even now the amorous gale
 " Lifts her bosom's filken veil;
 " Haste! extend thy guardian arms,
 " And from the risher snatch her charms;
 " Vain attempt! a jealous mind,
 " A rival meets in every wind,

To the Right Honourable Lord GROSVENOR.

MY LORD,

I AM too well acquainted with your lordship's humanity, to doubt your paying speedy attention to the subject of this letter. My lord, just as I was entering the garden grove yesterday, deeply musing on my part, I was interrupted by a profound sigh ; and looking around me, I saw a gentleman (who shall be nameless, out of respect to his family) standing under a projecting branch of a tree, and looking wishfully at a garter he held extended in his hands. The noise I made in advancing, disturbed him, for he immediately huddled up the garter, and rushed into the thickest part of the grove. There can be little doubt of his intention ; and truly, my lord, when I came to see the tree, I did not so much wonder at it, for it hangs *across* the path, at the very convenient height of seven feet three. Your lordship, who knows

“ How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,

“ Makes ill deeds done,”

will undoubtedly give immediate orders to
have

have it destroyed. It is not far from the entrance, and cannot be missed.

I declare I shall tremble every time I enter the grove, lest I should find one of your lordship's love-lorn guests dangling there, with a label pinned to his breast, setting forth by what cruel fair one he died, &c. &c. but I flatter myself it is enough to have mentioned it. I am, with due respect,

your lordship's most obedient, &c.

WE have been honoured with a billet from a quarter we little expected to hear from—namely, from Hell. We have no objection to the Devil's correspondence; but as he is (begging his pardon) the "father of lies," he must allow us to examine his intelligence a little more narrowly, before we insert it.

The admirable account of Mr. Porden's perilous adventure, to-morrow.

The "Fragment, on the Sea Voyage of Yesterday," the earliest opportunity.

The letter from Chester is under consideration.

NUMBER XII.

THE
EATON CHRONICLE;
OR,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEPT. 12.

To the Editor of the SALT-BOX.

SIR,

I THINK I have reason to be offended at your neglecting to record the disaster that befel me yesterday, as I brought up the rear of the procession to Trevallyn. Perhaps I am to attribute your silence to an unwillingness to tell what you do not know! A laudable disposition in the editor of a
M morning

morning paper, and worthy of the imitation of all your brethren ! Be this as it may, I am resolved not to suffer myself to be forgotten ; and, as the truth shall be spoken, I will e'en tell the story myself.

When all the vehicles were dispatched, and no place found for me,—no, not even in the calf-cart, I naturally had recourse to the stables. These, alas ! I found entirely empty ; and I had only the chance of counting the trees at Eaton, or of measuring the road to Trevallyn with my own compasses*. I shook my head at this, and made a few reflections, in my way, upon fortune and misfortune ; and addressed myself to the task, when the coachman told me he had found a horse “ that would suit me to a hair.”

I will not trouble you with the ceremonies that followed—such as seeking a saddle, borrowing a bridle, and tacking together of stirrup-leathers ; nor will I say a word of my stumbling over the stable door,

* Mr. P. is an architect.

bruising

bruising my nose against the stall-post, and tearing off the left flap of my coat with an old key.—Ill omens these, Mr. Editor, and sufficient to appal any heart less magnanimous than mine! But I despised them all, and vaulting into my seat like another Perseus, followed B——, who was gently tollutating towards the park; while Philip* bawled after me to “keep off the stones, and not to RIDE HARD!!!”

So far, so good, said I, as we past thro’ the grove. A pleasant fellow this same Doctor Mills†! I shall enjoy my ride to Trevallyn; I shall see the country; I shall make reflections; and, in case the Muse should give a call that way, I shall make verses for the SALT-BOX. Full of this idea, to B——’s utter astonishment, I rapt out the following stanzas.

Ah, greatly in the wrong is he
 Who, o’er his cask of nut-brown nappy,
 Because this hour from sorrow free
 Believes he always shall be happy!

* The coachman.

† A favourite horse of his lordship, bought of one Mills, a farrier; and, therefore, called by the grooms, Doctor.

Perchance, before he drinks a quart,
He feels the rankling shaft of sorrow ;
Or if he 'scape this night—his heart,
Or head, will surely ach to-morrow.

Fool that I was ! not to see in these verses (the spontaneous ebullition of my brain) a preternatural intimation of what was to happen. The Doctor, either charmed, or terrified, by my music, pricked up his ears, and pushed by B—— in a pace rather too quick to be agreeable. I expostulated, but he had soon the better of the argument ; and in an instant I found myself—bare-headed, and looking over the gate at the farther end of the park ! So far, so good, said I still. But, Doctor ! this is rather rough treatment to a stranger, and a stranger too, that necessity has put into your power : I shall be careful how I mount you again. Mr. B—— now came up with my hat, and, after a short consultation, I dismounted—it being thought more prudent and polite to walk, than to disturb the festivity of Trevallyn, by rudely charging the Archers, which the Doctor seemed brutish enough to do.

After

After I had padded, with my horse at my heels, for about a mile, I began to feel that the stones were hard, the ruts deep and and uneven, and my boots heavy ; and so, fortifying myself with half a score heroic sentences, I again got astride of the Doctor ! O Apollo ! Prince of Parnassus ! Play-fellow of the Muses ! By all, and every one of thy thousand names ! I conjure thee to assist me in describing the catastrophe that followed ; a catastrophe, which all the Gods and Goddeses, your relations, stooped anxiously over the clouds to look at !—Smack ! went the waggoner's whip ! Off went the Doctor ! Off went my hat ! In a moment I lost my whip, my stirrups, my bridle ; and, opening my eyes, I found I had lost my horse ! I had not lain long before I felt some curiosity to reconnoitre my situation ; and I discovered that the Doctor, in making a spring at a gate, had canted me from his back into a quickset hedge. I tried to rise, but in vain ; I was hooked down by a hundred thousand thorns, something like Gulliver on his first landing at Lilliput ;—and having no other alternative, I began to study
my

my part, till I heard B—— bellowing
 “ Marcellus! how fares it, good Marcellus?”

As the Doctor and I had been studying the geography of the country at large, rather than the road to Trevallyn, our great haste had lengthened our journey ; and we had now some miles farther to go than when we were at Eaton ; and but *one* horse between us. We therefore agreed to ride and tye, by which ancient and honourable mode of travelling, we arrived in due time at Mr. T. Boydell’s*, where an excellent dinner made us forget the terrors and disasters of the day.

Your’s, &c.

W. P.

* His lordship’s steward.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER’S INVITATION.

TO THE TUNE OF “ THE PEDLAR.”

FROM the confines of the West,
 I am come to be your guest ;
 Beaux and belles of Eaton-Hall !
 I am ready at your call.

Those

Those who would have their fortunes told,
May come without fear,
And nought but what is true shall hear,
Whether they be young or old.

With you to know the Fates' decree?
The answer can't depend on me—
Shou'd you be doom'd to lose your love,
Blame alone the powers above.
Let not this your hopes cast down :
But come without fear ;
Give attention, lend an ear,
And dread not Fortune's frown.

SUSAN SKYSCRAPER.

WE hear from Wales, that *veal* is uncommonly cheap, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Trevallyn. CALVES, which were equal to those of Essex for size and beauty, fold almost for nothing on Saturday last. There was seen one cart upon its return home to its owner in Cheshire, *full of cattle*, not having been able, as it is supposed, to find a purchaser.

As a few changes have been made in the Dramatis Personæ of HAMLET, since we presented them to the public, we have been induced to insert the corrected list, to which we have taken the liberty of subjoining the characters of the farce.

H A M L E T.

<i>Claudius (King of Denmark)</i>	R. Grosvenor, Esq.
<i>Hamlet</i> - - - - -	Lord Belgrave,
<i>Polonius</i> - - - - -	T. Grosvenor, Esq.
<i>Laertes</i> - - - - -	Marquis of Worcester,
<i>Horatio</i> - - - - -	R. Drax Grosvenor, Esq.
<i>Ghost</i> - - - - -	Mr. Hailstone,
<i>Guilderstern and Ostrick</i> -	Mr. Eaton,
<i>Marcellus and Player King</i>	Mr. Porden,
<i>Bernardo</i> - - - - -	Mr. Boydell,
<i>First Grave-Digger</i> - -	T. Grosvenor, Esq.
<i>Second Grave-Digger</i> -	Mr. Hailstone,
<i>Queen</i> - - - - -	Miss Grosvenor,
<i>Ophelia</i> - - - - -	Miss A. Bover,
<i>Player Queen</i> - - - -	Mrs. Dicconson.
<i>Guards, &c. &c.</i>	

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

<i>Lovel</i> - - - - -	R. Grosvenor, Esq.
<i>Freeman</i> - - - - -	Mr. Hailstone
<i>Philip</i> - - - - -	R. D. Grosvenor, Esq.
<i>Tom</i> - - - - -	} <i>Lovel's</i> <i>Servants</i>
<i>Kingston (a Black)</i>	
<i>Coachman</i> - - - - -	
<i>Duke's Servant</i> - - - -	
<i>Sir Harry's Servant</i> - -	Lord Belgrave,
<i>Robert (Freeman's Servant)</i>	Mr. Porden,
<i>Mrs. Kitty</i> } -	Miss Bover,
<i>Cook</i> } <i>Lovel's</i> -	Miss A. Bover,
<i>Chloe</i> } <i>Servants</i> -	Lady Bromley,
<i>Lady Bab's Servant</i> - -	Mrs. Dicconson,
<i>Lady Charlotte's Servant</i> -	Miss Grosvenor.

NUMBER XIII.

THE
EATON CHRONICLE;
OR,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEPT. 13.

THE VOYAGE:
A FRAGMENT.

Illi robur & æs triplex

Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem trunci

Commisit pelago ratem

Primus——

Sure oak, or brags with triple fold,

That hardy mortal's daring breast enroll'd,

Who first to the wild billow's strife

In a frail bark dared to commit his life. HOR.

—ACCORDINGLY, we fet out from
the terrace at the bottom of the
garden, in great spirits. Just as we passed
the last door, Miss C—— said she had left
N her

her prayer book behind ; upon which Lord B—— said he would fetch it ; and, before she could answer, was out of sight. She *then* recollected that she had the key of the harpsichord in her pocket ; and said, she would just step back with it, and be with us again in a twinkling. Lady B—— said she did not mind it, for that she liked a sea voyage “ of all things,” whispering, at the same time, to Capt. G——, to know if there was any danger ? What the Captain said, escaped us ; but Mrs. D——, who overheard it, pretended that her hair was falling about her ears, and begged Lady B—— to assist her in putting it up ; upon which they desired us to go on, and they would overtake us : but Mr. G——, looking back about a minute afterwards, saw them both scrambling over the garden wall, and we heard no more of them. As we passed the blacksmith’s shop, Mr. H—— turned pale, upon which Mr. D—— asked Lord W—— if he was provided *as usual* ? The Marquis pointed to his pocket, and the Professor’s countenance immediately brightened up. There was no room for more, for the expanse of
water

water was now in sight, and we walked with slow and silent steps down to the beach, where the vessel stood ready to receive us. Here follow the names of the modern argonauts, who embarked on this perilous adventure. Miss G. Miss B. Miss E. G. Miss A. B. (these some future bard shall celebrate in strains worthy of their intrepidity, and generous contempt of ease.) Mr. D. Marquis of W. Rev. Mr. T. Mr. T. G. Mr. E. Mr. H. and Mr. G.

While the rowers were preparing their oars, all was high courage, and contempt of danger ; but when the vessel had put off, and the well-known shores began to recede, Miss E. G. cast a wishful eye towards Eaton Hall, and begged to be relanded ; alledging, that she had left her little affairs in a very unsettled state, and did not know what might happen. The moment the vessel put in, Mr. George T. rushed by the company, and leaped ashore before her, declaring he had seen a wild ox about the lanes, and could not think of suffering her to return alone. Having taken an affectionate leave

of the Rev. gentleman and his fair charge, we turned the prow once more from the shore, and pushed into the great deep.

And now melancholy sensations took possession of every breast, and all began to muse with growing tenderness on the dear connections they had left behind, when Mr. E. broke silence, and said, "he wondered why water was liquid." Mr. G. replied, he supposed it was, because it was made of rain. This called up Mr. H. who quoted a Greek line to prove it could not be otherwise, which satisfied the company. After this folly, all seemed to be relapsing into their former dejection, when Miss B. called on Capt. G. for a song. The Captain began "O a pit of clay for to be made, &c." which Mr. G. said was ominous, and struck up "When as we sat in Babylon." This seemed to meet the ideas of the company, and was sweetly echoed round the neighbouring shores, when Mr. D. cried out, that we were running upon the breakers! Instantly all was terror and confusion. Miss A. B. began her prayers in an audible voice, while Mr. G. fell a crying,

crying, and said, he was the hopes of his family. On the other side, Mr. H. observed, with a *great oath*, that he never knew any good come o' canting and whining; and advised all possible endeavours to be made to save the vessel. This was done, and we had the pleasure to see her wear about a cable's length from the shore, and stand out to sea. As soon as our spirits were a little calmed, we proceeded to enquire into the cause of the late oversight, which had so nearly proved fatal to us all; when it was found that Captain G. instead of minding the helm, had been "playing with the tangles of Miss B's hair;" and, as a suitable punishment for them both, she was ordered to pull off her shoes, into which the Captain's hands were inserted, and firmly tied down with Miss Anne's garters. This done, Miss G. proposed, as a means to recover the good humour of the crew, that we should have a round at "What is my thought like?" and began with asking the question,

WHAT

WHAT IS MY
THOUGHT
LIKE?

Lord W. It is like nothing.

Miss B. It is like a family bible.

Miss A. B. It is like a pound of beef-
fuet.

Mr. D. It is like Miss E. G.

Capt. G. It is like the Mambrino
colt.

Mr. H. It is like a draw-well.

Mr. E. It is like a pig.

Mr. G. It is like Bobby Nobbs.

Lord W? Because it has no equal.

Miss B? Because its leaves are often
turned over.

Miss A. B? ———forfeit.

Mr. D? Answers itself.

Capt. G? Because its head is too big
for its body.

Mr. H? Because it's the sweeter the
nearer you go to the bot-
tom.

Mr. E? (*after repeated calls*) Be-
cause I'm plagued about
it.

Mr. G? ———forfeit; but Miss

A. B. said, Because it is short lived; and Lord W. Be-
cause it has many b's about it—upon which Mr. G. was
handed out of the circle, and declared incapable of contri-
buting to the entertainment in future.

While the second round was going on, an
alarm was given that something was coming
towards

towards us, over the surface of the waves. Lord W. declared it was a mermaid ; at which Mr. G. expressed his joy, as he had never seen one. Miss B. said, mermaids were green, and this, whatever it was, was black and white ; upon which Mr. H gave it as his opinion, that it was a porpoise. Mr. E. asked what a porpoise was ; and, being told a *sea-pig*, jumped up, and begged to be put ashore immediately—but Mr. D. shewing him a large sty on the beach, he sat down again, and sobbed bitterly, repeating from Dr. Watts,

“ So thick are ills on every hand,
That cautions nought avail us,
“ And pigs by sea, and pigs by land,
“ Stand ready to assail us.”

By this time the object was nearly alongside, and proved to be a dead dog. This was a matter of great consolation to us all ; and to increase our joy, the man at the watch called out, that he saw Sam. Davis's house ; upon which we corrected our reckoning, and pushed on with good assurance.

(*To be continued.*)

We

We were proceeding with this most interesting and authentic narrative, when we were interrupted by the arrival of the following "Hue and Cry" from Chester. Knowing, as we do, the anxiety that must fill a parent's breast, on such an occasion, we can do no less than contribute all in our power to relieve it, by giving the lines an immediate insertion.

MRS. DYSON'S

HUE AND CRY FOR HER SON.

(In imitation of the Ερως Δραπέτης of Moschus.)

Oyez ! Oyez ! if any one
Will bring me tidings of my son,
Poor fugitive ! he shall receive
The sweetest kifs that I can give ;
But if the child itself, he brings,
He shall have *that*, and other things.

By THESE MARKS the boy you'll know :
He bears a harp, a flute, a bow ;
And he uses them, all three,
With equal skill and dignity.
Nymphs of Eaton-Hall ! beware,
Look not on him : death is there !

And

And the eye that rashly views,
 The poor gazer's heart undoes.
 O Jerry Dyfon! comely boy,
 Mother's darling, father's joy!
 Whither art thou fled, my dove,
 Whither roam'st thou, beauteous love!

Such the lustre of thy eye,
 Such thy person's majesty;
 Such the grace perch'd on thy brow,
 Such thy front of purest snow;
 That perhaps the nymphs of Dee,
 Inflam'd with love, have seiz'd on thee,
 As the Mysian nymphs, we know,
 Seiz'd on Hylas long ago;
 And my child e'en now may sport
 The Hylas of the Dee nymph's court.

Or, perhaps, th' enamour'd moon,
 Ravish'd with th' harmonious tune
 Of thy flute, of stop divine;
 Quits Endymion's arms for thine,
 And in EATON's groves, delights
 To waste with love and thee, the nights.

Or hath, forgive a mother's fears,
 The Goddess rapt thee to the spheres?
 E'en now a brighter* star I see,
 Tell me, tell me! art thou He?

* This alludes to a comet that was expected about this time: but it has a farther reference to the appearance of the young gentleman himself, who a night or two before this was written, put on all the properties of it, and blazed about the great hall in a most eccentric manner.

—Should such glories, child, await thee,
Yet perhaps even these may fate thee ;
Haste then to my arms, my dove,
Haste, O haste thee, beauteous love !

It is needless to mention, that the first representation of Hamlet will be this evening ; but we will just beg leave to hint our wishes, that the performers would be careful to be in the green-room as near after five as possible ; as the play has been announced in the bills of to-day, to begin **PRECISELY AT SEVEN O'CLOCK.**

NUMBER XIV.

T H E
EATON CHRONICLE;
O R,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEPT. 15.

CONTINUATION OF THE FRAGMENT.

NOTHING material occurred till we came opposite to the unfinished mansion on the hill, where we saw a beautiful female sitting on the grass, and sucking her thumbs with marvellous perseverance. We concluded her at first to be the Dryad of the neighbouring trees: but some one observing that her hair was not green, we were induced to change that opinion, and to take her for a Syren, stationed there to allure unwary mariners to their destruction. When the point was settled, Capt. G. said, he had somewhere read that Sirens had
O fishes'

fishes' tails; and proposed going on shore to examine if it were really so. This was strenuously opposed by the whole crew, and the rowers were ordered to exert themselves, till they got to a secure distance from her haunts.

We now entered an immense reach; and as the wind was gentle, and the water smooth, amused ourselves with an elaborate dissertation on the nature and extent of tides. Mr. H. who (except in the article of swearing, in which he was countenanced by Lord W.) was exceedingly instructive told us that Aristotle—(here Miss G. fell asleep) drowned himself because——but we shall pass over his most learned discourse at present, as we intend it for a separate work; premising only, that it gave general satisfaction.

By this time we had passed the reach, and were turning to windward, round a vast projection of rocks, when Mr. E. observing some large oaks on the summit, begged we might put in for a moment, and take a few persons on board—to divert the fury of the

SWINE, in case we met with any. This was agreed to ; but just as we had reached the shore, a most dreadful hissing assailed our ears, and drove us back affrighted. The confusion this occasioned waked Miss G. who gave it as her opinion, that the oaks were sacred, and guarded by dragons. The Captain was of the same mind, and advised a speedy retreat ; at the same time directing Miss B's eye to a certain protuberance between the clefts, he asked her if she did not see the head of something ? Before she could answer, a flock of geese waddled out, and, filing off in pairs, marched up the hill in good order. Lord W. said, they put him in mind of the guards marching to the Bank. The Captain pretended not to hear this, but offered, if they would untie his hands, to head any party that chose to pursue them, as he thought there was still a probability of cutting off the rear. Mr. H. licked his lips at this, and asked Mr. E. if he thought an action would lie ? Mr. E. replied, that depended on their being, or not being, *feræ naturæ* ; a point which he could not immediately decide ; and while he was endea-

vouring to recollect it, the geese effected their escape.

We had now measured an immense track, and the thoughts of home took possession of every breast; but our adventurous pilot Miss B. was yet unsatisfied, and at her instigation, we bore away for Eccleston. We sailed for some time without any occurrence worth recording, except that a motion was made, and carried, for setting the Captain's hands at liberty; when, as we hauled round a certain point, we espied a creature, shaped like a man, fishing. He hailed us with great civility, but we kept at a wary distance from him; for, as we were unacquainted with the country, we knew not but that he might be one of the anthropophagi. This idea damped our spirits a little, which the Marquis observing, gave every one a sup of his bottle, and then, with great good nature, offered to tell a story of a ghost. This was accepted, and we all crowded round him, when the whole was embroiled by a violent dispute between Mr. E. and Mr. H. about the colour of a king's fisher; Mr. H. asserting it was blue; and Mr. E. grey.

In

In vain did the former quote the ancient writers in defence of his opinion : Mr. E. modestly replied, that things might be changed since their time ; that he had seen the bird fly across the meadow, and could not possibly be mistaken ; adding, that the matter might be speedily decided, as he had followed him with his eye into a hollow tree, and would bet ten to one it was as he said. The wager being accepted, Mr. G. was set ashore with an oar, to dislodge the bird in dispute. He walked up to the tree, and giving it two or three lusty blows, put out—an OWL !!! Upon this Mr. E. cried out he had won the money : every body stared ; but as there seemed to be something extremely odd in the business, the judges ordered the stakes to be drawn.

This was the last occurrence of our eventful VOYAGE, for now the towers of Eccleston were in view ; a VOYAGE, which only wants the pen of an Apollonius, or a Valerius, to be as celebrated as that of the ARGONAUTS, who did not excel the EATONIANS in valour, and who, bating the transient concupiscence of Mr. H. after the geese, were infinitely inferior to them in honesty.

OCCA-

OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE TO HAMLET.

SPOKEN BY MISS GROSVENOR.

To speak an Epilogue, how dread a task,
When not burlesque!—and pardon for't I ask.
For such the fashion of our modern days,
The Epilogues are form'd to mock the plays!

You then, I know, to rally some defect,
A mad-cap Fadladinida expect;
But you're mistaken! for we so admire
The immortal strains of Shakespeare's matchless lyre,
That trust me, gentle audience, ne'er shall we
Profane his shrine of tragic mystery.—

How oft the Queen of Tears from death we see
Rising in Epilogue with he! he! he!
That pallid form that late the boxes fill'd
With tears; that every heart with horror thrill'd;
Now every vanish'd blush recover'd wears,
And at the pit with face distorted stares;
Or trips with farcic mein the stage along,
And pertly prattles to the gallery throng.

What would you say if, in a crim'nal cause,
When the learn'd Kenyon had pronounc'd the laws,
The jovial jury, with a merry grin,
Should the poor prisoner bring "GUILTY" in!
Or, when the parson's read a pious prayer,
The clerk should straight strike up an opera air!

Now with due reverence 'tis OUR wish to close
The dreadful spectacle of Denmark's woes;
And leave, to dry your tears, and mirth recal,
The glorious mummery of 'Squire* Lovel's hall.

* Alluding to the farce of High Life Below Stairs.

MR. EDITOR,

If I am not mistaken, it was from you that I first heard mention made of a comet that was to make its appearance in a day or two. I assure you, Sir, I give you more credit than thanks for your prediction: but being no great astronomer, I may have mistaken a strange phenomenon that has hovered about Eaton Hall for some days, for the luminary whose appearance you anticipated.

This strange, unaccountable *object*, was seen with his fiery tail in the great hall here, the other evening, to the utter confusion, terror, and dismay, of all the ladies and gentlemen of this noble mansion. I beg, Mr. Editor, that you will be so obliging as to give us some account of the nature and properties of this very extraordinary phenomenon. It seems now to have relinquished the characteristics of a comet, and to have become a fixed star here. Your's, &c.

R O N D E A U.

My heart is worn with tender care,
Nor dare these lips my love reveal;
Go Echo, tell the princely fair,
What fearful duty would conceal.

Each

Each mournful night in notes of woe
 Declare the pains of hopeless love—
 These tears, that never cease to flow,
 The justice of thy tale shall prove.

My heart is worn with tender care,
 Nor dare these lips my love reveal;
 Go Echo, tell the princely fair,
 What fearful duty would conceal.

WE have received Legion's letter on the representation of last night, and do most cordially agree with him, that a better was never seen on the boards of a private theatre.

We are sorry we cannot print his favour, as it seems to be judicious and discriminative; but as the persons who are the subject of it, are also those before whom our Chronicle is read, we are apprehensive they would not, like Cato, sit pleased, or even

“ ———attentive to their own applause.”

These, therefore, and all such communications, we must reject, (tho' highly honourable to the party) and merely confine ourselves to announcing the nights of performing, without any comment whatever.

We are exceedingly obliged to the Ordinary of Chester, for his accurate and early account of Ash. C—— Esqr's trial:—it shall have place to-morrow. Meanwhile, we request our readers to make no ungenerous reflections on his unhappy family. Justice is satisfied, and every prejudice, and every indignant feeling, should subside.

The Hunting of Eaton-Hall, second day, the earliest opportunity.

NUMBER XV.

T H E
EATON CHRONICLE;
O R,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEPT. 16.

THOUGH in the common course of business the trial of Ash. C—, Esq. could not have happened till Lent Assizes, yet the magnitude of his crime, and the influence of his example, were looked on in so serious a light, that a special commission was made out for trying him immediately.

In consequence of this, an order was sent to the Mayor of Chester, to remove the prisoner from Stafford goal by habeas corpus to take his trial at Chester with all convenient speed. He was escorted by twelve gre-

P

nadiers

nadiers of the Staffordshire militia, a corporal, and two serjeants, with six rank and file of the third regiment of guards ; the whole commanded by Captain Grosvenor, who is upon a recruiting party at Coventry, sent *there* on account of some difference with his comrades, at the St. James' Coffee-house. Afh. C——, the prisoner, was, at Lord Grosvenor's request, permitted to ride in a carriage : accordingly, his lordship sent his caravan, drawn by two immense roans, muzzled ; the curtains of it were closed, and his servant permitted to sit by him, in which situation he was delivered over to the goaler of the castle in Chester, on Sunday the thirteenth instant.

The trial began the next day. When a murder of so uncommon a kind, and by so uncommon a personage, is committed at 200 miles distance from London, the giving the trial in detail will, we presume, be rather wished for by our readers, than condemned.

About nine in the morning, the Chief Justice of Chester, Mr. Bearcroft, came into court ;

court ; soon after, the prisoner was brought up, and had the indictment read to him, to which he pleaded not guilty. He was dressed in black, no powder in his hair, no ruffles ; his deportment grave and proper, and his reverence for the bench conspicuous. He was permitted to have by him Mr. R. Grosvenor, (a young gentleman of Christ-Church, and son to the worthy member for Chester) who was likewise in black, except a short fancy waistcoat, university cut, and the waistband of his breeches remarkably high ; his countenance was composed. The court being now assembled, the judge demanded if there was any council for the prisoner ? On which Serjeant Scott stood forth, as senior council ; and with him, Mr. Mansfield, Serjeant Adair, Mr. Burton, Mr. Leicester, and Mr. Eaton. The jury being sworn, the court proceeded to the trial, and the witnesses were called in.

The first was Polly Nobbs, spinster, the lame sister, whose depositions were much the same as in our former Chronicle ; with this addition, that *she* first took fright,

knocked Bobby Nobbs into the swill-tub, and then tumbled upon him ;—that being confused in struggling to get out herself, she forgot her brother, who remained in the tub till John Thompson, a neighbour, whose wife was also frightened, and fell into hysterics, came in for a sup of gin to compose her ; and then he saw little Bobby's hand on the top of the wash, and cried, " Lord ! what is this ? " and pulled him out—when, poor fellow, he was dead, dead !

Judge. Woman ! you know you are upon your oath ;—Cryer, did she kiss the book ?

Cryer. Yes, my lord.

Judge. Have you any thing more to say ?

Woman. Yes, fir : Tim. Silky, the taylor's son, seeing the beast, tumbled down by the West Gate, and knocked out three of his teeth, and—

Judge. That is no evidence in the present case. Call the next witness.—John Thompson

Thompson is sworn.—Well, what have you to say?

John Thompson. My lord, as the woman has told you, I never saw my wife so dismayed—I thought the outlandish figure had killed her, and so I went for a drop of gin to recruit her spirits; and there I found little Nobbs rolling about the swill-tub, for all the world like a knuckle of veal in a porridge-pot—that's all I know of the matter.

The evidence being closed on the part of the prosecution, silence was called for, under pain of imprisonment, and the Chief Justice addressed himself to Mr. Eaton, as junior counsel, desiring him to open the defence.

He began in a modest, elegant, and pathetic style, lamenting that a person so connected in general, of decent character, and a grandfather, should, at so late a period of life, be constrained to make his defence against so serious a charge! (tho' he would pawn his reputation as a lawyer, that the evidence by no means proved the fact) for, consider,

consider, fir, what a disgrace this brings upon the House of Eaton; a house, fir, that were masters of a king's buck-hounds before William the Conqueror; and that could draw a bow as well as that gallant prince called——here he was so overcome, as to make a considerable pause, and could only, in a feeble voice, conclude with saying, “provided the honour of the family be preserved, what does it signify whether a grandfather dies in his bed, or in his shoes!”

After the murmur of the court had subsided with general applause, Mr. Scott, in a very few words, addressing himself to the Chief Justice, recapitulated the evidence, and shewed the futility of it; proving, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that Polly Nobbs was the real author of the child's death, and not the prisoner at the bar. He concluded with saying the prosecution was malicious; and that from examining the “monster,” he found the masquerade dress was merely a hood to frighten flies with.

The rest of the council declined saying
any

any thing upon so clear a case, and rested the prisoner's acquittal upon what had been so ably adduced by the two learned gentlemen who had already spoken. The Chief Justice then addressed the jury.----“ You have heard, gentlemen, the evidence of Polly Nobbs, sister to little Bobby Nobbs, who, on her own confession, says, she was more frightened than the child, and so glad to get out, that she left poor Bobby to be drowned; and had it not been for John Thompson's wife wanting the quieting draught of a dram, the little wretch would have gone in the wash to the pig-sty, and there been eaten, and never more heard of. Gentlemen! you are all friends to English liberty. Is a man to be condemned for frightening a child into a swill-tub, or riding a camel rather than a horse, if he can get one, and likes it better? I shall say nothing of William the Conqueror's pedigree, or the character of the person at the bar; but put you in mind, that you are to do justice, and judge according to the evidence that has been brought in support of the charge. You will be locked up, and after dinner I shall be at my lodging to receive your verdict.

About

About ten the next morning, the jury ordered the doors to be unlocked, and the judge being in court, the foreman said--- that Ash. C——, Esq. brother-in-law to the Right Hon. Earl Grosvenor, and brother to Baron Scarfdale, was GUILTY of the death of Bobby Nobbs, not maliciously, but wantonly. The judge then putting on his coif, pronounced sentence of DEATH ; but before he left the city, changed it to TRANSPORTATION. The cause was attended by all the great branches of the family, and immediate application made to the Secretaries of State, to implore his Majesty to mitigate the sentence.

As we have always the most authentic intelligence, we are sorry to say it is rumoured that he will go to Botany Bay ; but as he is a man of substance, and has many friends, he will be allowed to take his family and servants with him, and fit out a ship with every necessary implement of husbandry, &c. to assist him in making a settlement there.

EPILOGUE,

E P I L O G U E,

Written for Miss A. BOVER, in the Character of the COOK.

WHAT mean these sighs, these tears? The play is over,
I'm not OPHELIA now, but—Miss Anne Bover.

“Too much of water” I’ve already had,
No more of that, for I’m no longer mad——

Ladies and Gentlemen! ’tis now my turn
To play the COOK, and in the kitchen burn.
Adieu, Laertes, and farewell sweet Hamlet;
I now must roast a duck, or fry an omlet!
You’ll all agree they give poor me no quarter:
Heels over head they fouse me in the water,
And then to dry me (out of pure compassion)
They roast me in the kitchen in this fashion*.
C’est assez plaisant, as the French cooks say,
Yet I’d as lieve be drefs’d another way:
But let that pass:—with equal zeal I’ll try
To play Ophelia, and to bake a pie;
For tho’ as some, I’m not so stout and lusty,
It never shall be said that I run *crusty*.

’Tis mine a brilliant supper to prepare
For Master Philip, and his Kitty fair;
And nobly too they’ll fare, who trust in me
For fricandeens, for soup, and fricasee:
But, gentle audience, I again implore
The same indulgence you have shewn before;
As you allow’d me in the play to pass,
I beg you will not ROAST me in the farce.

* Making a motion as if turning the spit,

THE translation from Theocritus is entitled to every praise ; and, if we could be sure that it was really made by one of the party, we would insert it with pleasure, tho' somewhat foreign from our purpose ; but we suspect it has already appeared in print.

The letter from Chester is inadmissible.

The charming stanzas on music, to-morrow, if possible.

The second representation of Hamlet will be this evening, and will begin at seven o'clock precisely.

NUMBER XVI.

T H E
EATON CHRONICLE;
O R,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEPT. 18.

THE HUNTING OF EATON-HALL.

SECOND DAY.

AS this most authentic narrative commences (like the former on this subject) with an account of the sportsmen mounting their horses, &c. &c. and as the manner was nearly the same in both, we have taken the liberty of omitting that part of it, and shall set out with the cavalcade from Eaton-Hall.

——As the company had bilked the ferry-man so lately, it was not thought proper

Q

per

per to come in his way, while the trick was fresh in his memory ; and therefore, they determined to try another country, and beat about the covers of Poulton. The Marquis *of Worcester* led the van ; Capt. G.^r and his brother Robert, took charge of the wings, and Mr. H. *ailston* brought up the rear. This most admirable arrangement took up so much time, that just as they reached the park gate, they met the hounds returning ! The truth of the matter was, that the huntsman, seeing no chance of any company that day, had thrown off the dogs, and enjoyed an excellent chace. The Marquis was for turning back, but this the rest would by no means consent to ; and Mr. E.^r looking over the wall, cried out “ stole away ! ” No pen can describe the confusion that followed ; for as every one pressed to get thro’ the gate, no one could effect it. Much mischief was consequently done, and even those who were most fortunate, did not get thro’ without loss. The Rev. Mr. T.^r who came there as a simple spectator, merely to see the dogs thrown off, had a nosegay crushed to pieces, and a very good wig spoiled ; Mr. R. G. lost *R. G. m^r* his

Capt. G.^r

Mr. Eaton

Geo. Taylor

his hat; the Captain had an unseemly rent made in his breeches by Mr. E's spur; Mr. *Hailstone* H's charger left a moiety of his tail behind, and he himself lost the left flap of the old brown; while the Marquis, whose whole attention was directed to his wicker bottle, was unhorsed, and left standing between the gate-post and the wall.

When they were all got into the lane, Mr. H. first thought of asking why they came there? Mr. E. replied, that he had seen something feeding by the hedge, and fancied one of the deer had made its escape. On this they all trotted briskly down the lane, till turning a sharp corner, they popped upon Mr. Cawley's milch ass! This Mr. E. candidly confessed was what he had mistaken for a deer, bidding the company take notice at the same time, that the creature's ears were uncommonly long. The mistake was allowed to be very feasible, and so they pushed forward in search of better sport.

After beating about for some time, fortune seemed determined to make amends

for her former disappointments. A noble fox was put up, and pursued near a musket shot, when the dogs turned him, just as he reached a hollow tree, and gathering round, cut off all retreat. Mr. E. who was first in, remarked with pleasure, that more than one dog bore marks of a stout resistance in his face: at length, numbers prevailed, and the wretched victim was subdued. Mr. R. G. moved to have its brush cut off, and stuck in Mr. E's ear, as he had unluckily left his hat at the gate: this Lord W. who had appeared rather uneasy for some time, opposed, and said, they had better let it alone, and ride home as fast as they could, for he was sure he had heard the first dinner bell. Accordingly, they left the field, and were discoursing of the prowess they had shown, and the sagacity they had manifested, when Captain G's servant came running up out of breath, and informed them, that the fox they had killed, was a HEDGE-HOG. The Marquis pished, and winked at the man; but, before he could make him understand him, Mr. Sam. Davis came up, bringing the poor animal on the end of a long stick.

The

The whole company looked at one the other in silent astonishment ; at length Mr. H. came forward, and observed, that he had heard of WITCHES being hunted in various shapes ; that probably this was one, who, having begun in a fox, had ended in a hedge-hog ; that for his part, he was not credulous, tho' he did not think it safe to be over sceptical. Capt. G. replied, that this might easily be determined : he had been told, he said, that there was a certain part about a witch, that she could never change, whatever shape she assumed ; they had only, therefore, to look for this, (it has no name in English) and if they found it, to conclude they had killed a witch ; if not, only a simple hedge-hog. Mr. R. G. objected to this, as a vicious curiosity ; and added, with a pious air, The Lord forgive us ! for we know not what we do. At this ejaculation, terror took possession of every face, and the company began to croud closer together, when Lord W. seeing no chance of getting home to dinner, declared it was all folly ; that he had known it was a hedge-hog from the first, and only affected to take it for a fox, because

because he saw it was the general opinion, and he did not like to mortify people. Mr. E. immediately said the same—so did the rest ; and after a few forced laughs, they made a small collection for Mr. Davis, enjoined secrecy to the Captain's servant, buried the poor animal by the side of the cat they killed a few days before, and galloped home to divert the ladies with a fictitious tale of " the hunting of that day."

ON MUSIC.

MUSIC allays the wildest grief,
 The woe-struck hour beguiles ;—
 To sinking sadness brings relief,
 And changes frowns to smiles.
 In vain the shafts of rigid fates are sped,
 While to the lyre th' harmonious voice is wed.

Orpheus had power, by magic song,
 To check the torrent's speed ;
 To charm and tame the savage throng,
 And listening woods to lead :
 Even Cerberus, th' obdurate guard of hell,
 Sooth'd by his lyre, into soft transports fell.

Amphion

Amphion with his dulcet strain
To quicken marble tries ;
He sings, and wide around the plain
The Theban towers arise.
Ah ! what could not this harmonist divine,
The boast of Phœbus, and the sacred Nine !

As when the bursting Nile o'erthrows
His mounds on every side—
And check'd, but more impetuous grows,
And flings his waters wide ;
'Till delug'd, fruitful Abyssinia lies,
That richer soon her golden crops may rise.

So god-like Homer pours his notes
With vehemence and fire ;
The richest, noblest music floats
From his immortal lyre.
He shakes, he thrills, he animates the soul,
While with resistless might his numbers roll.

But 'tis not such bold strains that suit
The sweet lute's wanton strings ;
'Tis not from Eaton's harp or flute,
That such proud music springs :
'Tis their's the dance—'tis their's the frowns to tell,
That on the lover's brows a transient moment dwell,
Their's too—to celebrate the youths
That either fortune prove ;
That triumph in requited truth,
Or plain of slighted love.—
Such subjects wak'd the old Anacreon's fire,
And such the mournful notes of Sappho's lyre.

Oh,

Oh, would the auspicious power that reigns
 O'er the Castalian springs,
 Give ME to move to tender strains
 The sweetly murmuring strings ;
 I'D envy not the glories of the great—
 The statesman's fame, the hero's brilliant fate.

Enough for me the power to shew
 The lovely E——'s charms, *im-ym*
 Those tresses that luxuriant flow,
 Those alabaster arms ;
 Those sweetly-beaming eyes, that angel form,
 Those smiles with love that every bosom warm !

To the Editor of the Salt-Box.

S I R,

I DESIRE that the public may be informed, thro' the channel of your paper, that Asfh. C——, Esq. cast for transportation on account of his travelling in masquerade, and and thereby wantonly killing little Bobby Nobbs, by frightening him into a swill-tub, is, by order of the Secretaries of State, removed to the hulks at Plymouth, and will soon sail with all his family, on board his own sloop the *Mishap*.

He

He takes out with him two carpenters ; an upholsterer convicted of petty larceny ; a man-midwife do. for stealing child-bed linen ; a watch-maker do. for buying a watch, knowing it to be stolen ; two jockeys, for stopping a nobleman on the road to Newmarket, and who are to have the care of some horses now on board ; two elderly ladies, for having five aces in their hands at brag ; and three young men of rank, for being found armed with six pair of loaded—dice ! together with Martin, the Bath butcher, removed from the King's Bench. These, with proper attendants, and necessities for the voyage, make up the complement of the Mishap, to whom God grant a speedy passage to Botany Bay !

Your's, &c.

The letter that accompanied this shall appear in our next.

THE “ authorities ” from Mr. Sleet, in support of his opinion, were unnecessary ; as it had every attention paid to it.

The lamentation of Mr. Dyson is come to hand.

The third representation of Hamlet will be to-morrow.

NUMBER XVII.

THE
EATON CHRONICLE;
OR,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEPT. 20.

TO LORD BELGRAVE.

ON THE CELEBRATION OF HIS BIRTH-DAY.

A WAKE, my Muse, and joyful tune the lyre,
Make these woods echo with their BELGRAVE's
name;

Let love and gratitude thy strains inspire,
Nor he disdain from thee the meed of fame.—

Can I forget, dear youth, to thee I owe
The earliest tribute offer'd at my shrine?
That from thy hand my richest treasures flow,
Treasures, where genius sparkles in each line!

R

This

This festal DAY, I gladly see each friend
 The welcome smile of gratulation wear ;
 And while on thee their eager looks they bend,
 A PARENT'S eye shews Pleasure's trembling tear.

Who can express the joy his breast must feel,
 To see thy virtues all his care repay ;
 To see in early morn thy beams reveal
 The promis'd glory of thy coming day !

May every blessing fate on thee bestow,
 That thought can reach, or fancy's dreams display,
 And rosy health still smile upon thy brow.
 When many a happy year has rolled away !

THE SALT-BOX.

*The following Letter was found in the Cell of
 the unfortunate Convict, Ash. C——, Esq.
 directed to the Mayor of Chester.*

S I R,

PERMIT me, by your assistance, to communicate my humble thanks to all those great personages, whom I durst once call relations and friends ;—but now I banish the thoughts of all connection, being sensible of the propriety of the arguments of my learned and able council, Mr. Eaton, that
 the

the honour of the family was the object, not the life of the prisoner. To the rest of my council, my most hearty thanks are due ; as well to those who spoke, as to those who did not ; and who cautiously avoided thereby, the danger of saying any thing that might hurt my cause ; and particularly to the Chief Justice every acknowledgment is due, whose summing up the evidence gave full liberty to the jury to mitigate the verdict ; shewing plainly, that poor Bobby Nobbs' death was occasioned by the sister, and not the outlandish monster.

But nevertheless, I must lastly thank the jury, for their spirited, and unbiassed behaviour, preferring the good of the public to any individual whatever ; for, seeing the morality of the multitude highly injured, by the frolics of the great, they determined to let me swing, tho' the child came to his untimely end, by an accidental tumble into a swill-tub.

From my cell in the Castle prison,

ASH. C——.

R 2

AN

AN ELEGY,

*Occasioned by a melancholy Event that took place in Germany.
The Person alluded to, is now confined in the Circular Mad-
house, at Vienna.*

HARK ! with what plaintive moans the shores resound,

Where Trieste crowns the Adriatic main !

Now louder shrieks from the rude rocks rebound ;

Now murmurs sweetly sad are heard again.

“ Ah me ! Eliza, say, why thus forlorn,

You roam with naked foot these crags along ;

Why thus, in youth's, in beauty's splendid morn,

You weep, and rave, these conscious wilds among ?

These tresses spare, that anguish-bursting breast

No longer strike with unrelenting hand—”

To a near rock with eager flight she prest,

And on its threat'ning summit took her stand.

Shuddering I saw—with hasty step pursu'd,

And reach'd with pain the mountain's dang'rous height,

But ah ! when reach'd, again she had renew'd,

With unremitting speed, her wayward flight.

Still I pursue, and still pursuit evades .

The alter'd fair, whom whilom I had seen

In blooming health, beneath the village shades,

Lead the gay dance, or on the meadow green.

On as I press, an aged sire appears,

With wrinkled face, and hair of purest snow,

“ And whither hieft thou (cries, dissolv'd in tears)

And whither hieft thou, with that look of woe ?”

A wretched

A wretched maid, O stranger, I pursue,
Eliza once, but now a spectre pale ;
O could I know, and share, the griefs, I knew,
Haply to sooth them might my cares avail !

“ Ah no, rejoin'd he ; never can thy care
Avail to sooth the anguish of her breast.—
From peace and happiness to dread despair,
Thus late she laps'd, and lost for e'er her rest.

Brief let me be. Tho' in youth's early prime,
One infant daughter claim'd her anxious love ;
O how she joy'd the flowery hills to climb
With her sweet charge, or pierce the tangled grove.

The slightest noise awak'd Eliza's fears,
A thousand deaths she saw in every wind :
By day, by night, her eye suffus'd in tears
Her Emma's face perus'd, and eas'd her mind.

Maternal cares, with joys maternal join'd,
Alarm'd, and charm'd by turns, her anxious breast ;
With apprehension, love's excess combin'd,
Repaid her vigils, while it broke her rest.

One morn she gave her Emma, cruel chance !
— For herbs medicinal, a potion strong
Of deadly poison, which did quickly glance
The bursting arteries, and veins along.

The blooming cheek of the lov'd infant pales,
Her lip turns white, she rolls her little eyes,
She tries to speak, her tremulous accent fails—
Convuls'd she faints, and agonizing dies.

Who

Who can relate the frantic mother's woes !

At first she's silent, then she shrieks amain ;
Wild, and more wild, the maddening tempest grows—
Again she's calm—she shrieks and raves again."

Here paus'd the hoary fire. Then sadly groans,
And fills with loud lament the listening air ;
With bursting heart I join my plaintive moans,
And offer up with him the heart-felt prayer.

The imperial mandates soon Eliza find,
And to Vienna's dismal TOWER convey'd ;
For e'er she sits in a small cell confin'd,
With twisted straws, and flowery wreaths array'd.

O'er her wan cheeks are sorrow's faded hues,
And melancholy marks her leaden eye ;
Her piteous plaint for ever she renews,
For ever drops a tear, or heaves a sigh.

The curious few that the lorn object see,
Struck to the soul with penetrating grief,
Stand motionless, till tears of sympathy
Gush from their eyes, and bring their soul relief.

S O N G.

TO-MORROW, ye Muses, the maid will be here ;
To-morrow content with my Anna appear !
Strike your lyres to brisk measures that merrily move,
And teach the glad echos to welcome my love.

Sing

Sing her mein the perfection of grace and of ease ;
Sing her soft-heaving bosom the dwelling of peace ;
Sing her fair as the snow-drop, and pure as the dove,
And teach the glad echos to welcome my love !

Sing the sense, and the sweetness that shine in her eye ;
Sing her cheek, when with Damon still dimpled with joy ;
Sing her voice, that so often has rung thro' the grove,
And tun'd all its echos to pleasure her love !

To-morrow, ye Muses, your songs I require ;
To-morrow, let each be prepar'd with her lyre ;
Let the full voice of harmony warble, to prove
The truth of the transports that welcome my love !

To the Editor of the Eaton Chronicle.

You are right, sir ; the "translation" has appeared in print before ; yet as the book that contained it, is not now to be met with, I do not think you will do an unacceptable thing to some of your readers, if you sacrifice a corner of your paper to a little piece, as remarkable for its sweet and elegant simplicity, as for its faithfulness to the original.

The author was one Relph, a clergyman of Cumberland, who published a small collection

lection of poems, chiefly in the dialect of that county, which have great merit, tho' little known.

Ae* time young Cupy, sweet-tuith'd fairy
 A hive ovr-venterfome wad herry†,
 A bee was nettled at the wrang
 And gave his hand a dispert stang :
 It stoundit‡ fare, and fare it swell't—
 He stampt o'th'yirth, and pufft, and y'ell't
 And straight away to mammy scour't,
 And held her't up, to blow't, and cur't ;
 Wondering so fecklefs-like|| a varmint,
 Shud have fyke fearfu, mickle harm in't.

She smirkt, and, pratha, fed his mudder,
 Is not lyle§ Cupy fyke anudder ?
 Yea, fyke anudder varmint's he,
 A fecklefs-like, but fearfu' bee.

* On a. † plunder. ‡ tingled and smarted. § simple, innocent. || little.

THE lamentation of Mr. Dyson, to-morrow.

The fourth representation to-night, at the usual time.

NUMBER XVIII.

T H E
EATON CHRONICLE;
O R,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEP. 22.

To the Editor of the SALT-BOX.

S I R,

ALTHOUGH you have refused, and I think properly, to admit any account of the PERFORMERS of your society, (since *truth* must be *panegyric* here) yet I hope you will have no objection to what has already appeared.

The following is taken *verbatim* from the
Chester Chronicle of yesterday, (the 21st)
S and

and as it contains (besides an enumeration of the *Dramatis Personæ*) a brief narrative of the celebration of Lord Belgrave's birthday, a day that will long be remembered with pleasure, I think it may, with propriety, be preserved in the *SALT-BOX* ; a publication that bids fair to last as long, at least, as any periodical work of its time.

Extract from the Chester Chronicle, Sept. 21st.

As the celebration of Lord Belgrave's coming of age, was intended to give an idea of old English magnificence and hospitality, great preparations were necessary. It was on this account that though the relatives, and more immediate friends, of the family, were assembled at Eaton-Hall so early as the twentieth of August, the DAY was put off to the 20th of September. The interval was passed in every amusement that the country was susceptible of ;—hunting, shooting, &c. by day ; balls, concerts, &c. by night ; and, to give a zest to the whole, a play was got up and acted, at proper intervals.

Whether

Whether it was chance or choice that led to Hamlet, we know not. Certain it is, that nothing could be more happily adapted to display Lord Belgrave's wonderful powers! —It is not possible to describe the astonishment of the audience at seeing a nobleman who never trod a stage before, move with all the grace and freedom of the most admired veteran performers.—Added to this, his conception of the character was critically just, his expression animated, and impassioned, and his whole voice and gesture every thing that the fondest admirer of Shak. could possibly wish. In every part he was great, but in the closet scene with his mother, and in his advice to the players, eminently so.

Miss Grosvenor played the Queen in a style of peculiar excellence; and Miss Anne Bover Ophelia, with all the sweet and affecting timidity so becoming to the character—if to this we add a face beautifully expressive, and a voice charmingly harmonious, we shall allow (what seemed to be the general opi-

nion) that a better representation of the fair Ophelia could not easily be found.

Polonius was *as well* represented as ever we saw it on any stage, by Mr. T. Grosvenor ; and the King, perhaps *better*, by Mr. R. Grosvenor ; nor should the Marquis of Worcester's Laertes, nor Mr. D. Grosvenor's Horatio, be suffered to pass without praise.

The farce was High Life Below Stairs. Lord Belgrave, and Mr. T. Grosvenor, played Sir Harry's and the Duke's servants, with admirable caricature and effect ; and Miss Grosvenor and Mrs. Dicconson, Lady Charlotte and Lady Bab, with spirit and humour—Miss Bover played Kitty with sprightliness, and in some of her repartees was uncommonly happy ; and Miss Anne Bover, to shew the versatility of her talents, undertook the little part of the cook, which, with incomparable spirit she brought forward, and made most laughably characteristic. The other parts were well supported, *particularly* Lovel's, by Mr. R. Grosvenor.

As

As Eaton-Hall is but four miles from *Chester*, and the citizens are almost all in the interest of *Lord Grosvenor*, it was apprehended that the HOUSE would be insufficient to accommodate the numbers that might be inclined to honour *him* with their company. To obviate this, the principal inns, taverns, &c. IN THE CITY, were opened, and an elegant dinner provided for the principal tradesmen, freemen, &c. to the number of eight hundred and upwards; and a large ox was roasted on the Roudee (the race ground) which was nearly covered with barrels of strong beer, for the numerous friends and well-wishers of the House of Eaton.

At Eaton-Hall, the appearance was most respectable;—to enumerate names would be impossible, as there was scarce a nobleman or gentleman of rank or fortune in this, or the neighbouring counties, that did not attend to felicitate his lordship and his son. The number that were entertained in the house, was about four hundred and twenty. To remark on the magnificence and abundance of the entertainment, would be superfluous.

fluous. After a few hours spent in hilarity and mutual congratulations, the company adjourned to the gardens, to a ball-room, capable of accommodating sixty couple. This was graced with as much beauty and elegance, as we ever recollect to have seen assembled on any occasion. The dances were continued till day-break, and the company separated, perfectly satisfied with the magnificent hospitality of their noble host, and joining in a cordial prayer for the prosperity of HIM and his son.

In the intervals of dancing, some fireworks were played off, which, as the evening was remarkably fine, had a very pleasing effect.

But it was not Eaton-Hall and Chester alone, that felt the effects of the general joy: every part of his lordship's extensive estate shared in it. At Upper and Lower Halkin (in Flintshire) every public house was opened, and drank dry; and a large bonfire was lighted up on Moel y Caer, the most conspicuous part of Halkin Mountain, where the

miners, &c. assembled in obstreperous and heart-felt mirth.—Nor were the tenants of Llannarmon and Minera forgot, nor those of all the hamlets and villages around Eaton-Hall. At Chester, and in the parishes around, the day was ushered in by ringing of bells in every church, and all seemed to proclaim that the joy was universal.

THE LAMENTATION OF MR. DYSON,

ON QUITTING EATON-HALL.

ADIEU, ye woods! from whose deep bosom towers

Eaton's lov'd mansion, where, ah me! so late

I pass'd deliciously, my careless hours,

A glad partaker of the BELGRAVE fête.

Each rich repast with eye delighted view'd,

With every dish's store my plate I crown'd;

Each flowing bowl with eager hand pursu'd,

And push'd the bottle with reluctance round.

What tho' unblushingly I seiz'd a place

At th' upper board, in preference to all!

Yet sure superior sense, form, beauty, grace,

Give me of every Eaton guest, the wall.

'Twas envy made those giddy boys and girls

Tie to the coat, that newly I had bought,

An odious squib, that whirls, and whirls, and whirls,

With deadly matter of combustion fraught.

What

What tho' I rose a COMET in the air,
 And with my fiery tail each nymph appall'd ;
 What tho' the sparkles sing'd my flowing hair,
 And briny tears my cheeks of beauty gaul'd !

Yet gentle Abigail is still my friend ;
 Still gentle Abigail adorns my frame ;
 This stitches up my coat, that strives to mend
 My tatter'd *trofiemes**—soft Etrurian name.

'Tis past ! My dignities are gone, are fled ;
 My happiness is o'er ! No longer now,
 With richest viands am I hourly fed,
 No more for me the sparkling goblets flow.

Tho' to the lower regions banish'd, long
 With Abigalian ornaments, and love,
 I toy'd supreme ; yet driven from them among,
 I wander now, like the unmated dove.

* Mr. Dyson is a Lingo ; we would say, a linguist.

To the Editor of the Eaton Chronicle.

S I R,

THE following paper was found last night, in the passage leading from the saloon to the breakfast-room. It appears to be a fragment of a diary ; and, from the circumstances mentioned in it, can be that of no other

Rev. G. Taylor

other than the Rev. G. T.* Whether it was accidentally, or intentionally dropt near the Salt-box, I cannot tell ; however, I hold it to be too excellent a production to be thrown by ; more especially, as it contains a systematic line of household œconomy, which may be useful to any family.

“ Tuesday, 19. Rose at six.” (This, indeed, does not apply to the above-mentioned reverend personage : it might, however, be occasioned by his anxiety relative to the dinner he was to preside over that day at Alford.) “ Found every body asleep—could not help swearing at them.” This again, is most unlike the reverend gentleman ; however, *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*..

“ Eat a hearty breakfast—thought I looked spruce—told Mr. Samuel he had succeeded in dressing me—had not time to say my prayers—resolved to purloin ten minutes out of my next night’s rest for that purpose—assisted in the kitchen—proposed a stew, which, after a good deal of discussion, was rejected—housekeeper made a motion, that
the

the paties should be variegated, that is, of different sizes ; carried—dinner well dressed, and pleased the company ; *that's good.*"

" Every body in high spirits—Mr. Dyson, of Chester, no small help to mirth—a queer son of a —— Ned D. Professor H. and Mr. G. said they liked my wine, and demonstrated their affection to it, by not quitting it till three in the morning—Mrs. D. presided at their table ; was told she left the party about two, and was not known to make any great disturbance at Eaton : heard that about four o'clock, nothing was to be seen there but shirts and shifts, glancing like phantoms, over the house—all roused from their silent beds by the three gentlemen before-mentioned, who, it seems, did every thing that was indecorous—*O tempora ! O mores !* N. B. They were backed by Captain G.

" Forgot to purloin the ten minutes from my night's rest—resolved to do it the next opportunity. N. B. Four bottles of wine drank in the large room—twenty-five in the

the small one—prodigious drinkers! Mem. to have an eye in future to Mr. and Mrs. D. Professor H. and Mr. G.—Cook regular in her accounts—cast them up before I went to bed. Geo. Talbot thought I looked a little queer when I came to the wine in the little room. Hemm'd it off---Slept but so, so.

“ Wednesday 20. Took a dose of salts early in the morning”—(as this paper is submitted to to the public eye, we have taken the liberty of passing over two or three memorandums here, which, though extremely proper for the diary of a valetudinarian, may as well not go any further) —“ found myself very light and well in consequence of it---made an excellent dinner---told Lady H. she looked bewitchingly *by Hammer* ---Sir Thomas stared---whispered Lady Kenyon that her shoes” --- *plura desiderantur.*

QUERIST asks why we do not produce a sheet every morning, as we did at the first establishment of our paper? We reply, because our friends do not furnish us with the materials, as at that time. We say not this to reproach them,

them, as they have lately been sufficiently engaged, though we could have wished that some of their *lighter* avocations had given way to a desire of distinguishing themselves in our paper. This too, seems to have been the wish of the SALT-BOX, from whom we have been favoured with a remonstrance, which shall appear to-morrow, and which, at an earlier period, would hardly have failed of effect.

The last representation but one, will be this evening.

NUMBER XIX.

T H E
EATON CHRONICLE;
O R,
THE SALT-BOX.

SEPT. 25.

ALL that is necessary to be prefixed to the following pathetic address, is, that every event it alludes to, is specified in the foregoing papers ; unless, indeed, it be the marvellous active “leaping of Mr. G. which is still remembered with horror, by his companions in that perilous voyage, so worthily recorded in our 13th and 14th Numbers ; and which they are still prayed to bear in mind, “tho’ it be not written down.”

S

THE

THE TEARS OF THE SALT-BOX.

" Lament in verse, lament in prose,

" With salt tears trickling down your nose,
My miserable fall ;

I that was late so pert, and vain,
Must change to grave, the flippant strain——
Adieu ! God blefs you all !

Can none remember ? Yes, I know

All can, all do——the vivid glow

That rose at—" hear him ! hear !"

When G—, with important look,

The SALT-BOX from his pocket took,

And turn'd about his chair.

Now all is chang'd. Content you sit,

And hear dull facts, for sprightly wit,

Nodding to th' gen'ral hum ;

While G—— watches every eye,

And waits in vain to hear you cry,

" When will the SALT-BOX come ?"

Ye all are sufferers, trust me, fair ;

Who now shall make your charms his care,

And frame the rapturous lay ?

Who watchful waste the midnight oil,

O'er painful prose, when all his toil

There's NOTHING to display ?

M—^N now may wake the lyre

To sounds that every heart inspire

With harmony and joy ;

And

Lady Bimby x
Miss Puzich x

And tuneful H—^x—sing in vain,
And soft El—^x—join the strain—
Their notes but sooth—and die!

Miss M. G. x
Miss Rover x

And vainly Em—^x—raise alarms
In many a breast, and B—^x—'s charms
O'er half the forest bloom;

Miss A. Rover x

And A—^x—'s, sweet A—'s bewitching wile,
The unsuspecting heart beguile
Of all its peace to come.

And gentles! ye are sufferers too:
For all ye say, and all ye do,

Drops dead-born, (to be frank)
Ye wake, ye sleep,—no friendly pen
Records your life—ye wake again,
And still 'tis all a BLANK!

Who now, when pouring o'er the plain,
With hound and horn, ye spoil the grain,
And CATS and HEDGE-HOGS worry;
Or when, more venturous still, ye brave
In a frail bark, the wind, and wave,
Who shall record your glory!

The Captain now, with careless air,
May toy with sprightly B—'s hair,
The while his post he quits:
And G—^x—leap with all his might,
To shew his clumsiness, and fright
The ladies into fits.

Miss x

Well-natur'd W—^x—too, may row,
And H—^x—prose, his Greek to shew,
And BOTH may swear in vain:

m^r Dickinson x And D—^x look sharply out,
m^r Eaton x And modest E—^x make a doubt
 About the use of rain.

Poor Porden too, his fall may wail ;
 And Dyson shew his fiery tail
 Amidst the gen'ral grin ;
m^r A. C. x And C—^x mount his hooded horse,
now vill. c. And impious wasps, without remorse,
 Assault the parson's chin.

But thou, O BELGRAVE ! chief of all,
 Hast cause to deprecate my fall,
 For thou wert oft my theme ;
 Nor did I e'er such pleasure find,
 As when I held a verse consign'd
 To thy much honour'd name.

Who now will sing, in heart-felt strains,
 The triumph of thy native plains
 At those auspicious days ;
 When the rude bards no longer hope
 The SALT-BOX will its bosom ope
 To their incondite lays!

And trust me, youth, these good OLD HALLS
 Have oft re-echo'd round their walls
 The voice of general mirth ;
 And oft thy SIREs have brought along
 Relations, friends, a numerous throng,
 To celebrate their birth.

And oft around the joyous board
 The nut-brown bowl, with nectar stor'd,
 Has walk'd from day to day ;

But

But fate forbade these times to last—
The laugh, the song, the triumph, past,
Like summer clouds away.

Oft, oft *ERE THIS*, has Eaton seen
Disporting o'er her flowery green,
Gay youths, and blooming maids ;
And lips, and cheeks, of roseate hue,
And humid eyes of sapphire blue,
Adorn her sacred shades.

Sweet maids—ye fair ones! haply known
For charms unequall'd, *like* your own ;
But ah ! *unlike* their lot ;
In vain was youth's, was beauty's pride,
They had no SALT-BOX, and they dy'd ;
They dy'd, and were forgot !

While ye, when Time's relentless hand,
Shall level all *SIR THOMAS* plann'd,
And level all it must ;
Preserv'd in my immortal page,
Shall flourish still from age to age,
Triumphant o'er the dust.

And cannot thoughts like these, inspire
The generous wish, the warm desire,
To grasp at higher praise ?
O, fatal apathy of fame !
Content but half to raise your name,
But half content to please !

By way of *Postscript*—yet a word ;
You have some interest with my Lord,
(The ladies always had)

Pray

Pray ask him to avert my fate——
 To sink me to my former state
 Would be to drive me mad.

Even now I hear, or seem to hear,
 The buz of triumph, far and near——
 And lo ! at my return,
 The pots and pans their station quit,
 And grow profane* my fall to twit,
 With more envenom'd scorn.

“ SALT-BOX ! what, after all this fuss,
 “ Art thou brought low, like one of us,
 And doom'd to servile uses?
 “ Vain fool ! thou said'st “ I will ascend
 “ To the saloon”---now see, what end,
 “ O'er-weening pride produces !

“ All the Salt-boxes left below,
 “ Enjoy their place in peace, while THOU,
 “ Spurn'd by thy quondam friends,
 “ Shalt in some dirty hole be jamm'd,
 “ Stript of thy new brass lock, and cramm'd
 “ With stinking candle ends.”

* Profane indeed ! We have thrown together all the passages these irreverent “ pots and pans” seem to have had in their eye ; merely for the satisfaction of our readers, and without the most distant idea of giving any sanction to these sort of parodies.

Isaiah. “ Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming ;—
 they shall speak and say unto thee,

“ Art thou also become weak as we ; art thou become like unto us ?

“ Thou said'st in thy heart, I will ascend into Heaven.

“ All the kings of the earth, even all of them, lie in glory ; every one in
 his own house—but, thou art cast out like an abominable branch.”

O let

O let him save me from these taunts,
And lock me up, far from the haunts
Of kitchen maids, and cooks ;
So shall I on some future day,
When you return, — my thanks repay
And put HIM in my books.

Extract of a Letter from Litchfield.

WE have the pleasure of acquainting you, that by the indefatigable industry, and application to the Secretaries of State, Mr. Pitt, Privy Council, and even Majesty itself, of Earl Grosvenor, Baron Scarfdale, Marquis of Worcester, Lord Belgrave, &c. &c. &c. and a multitude of his female relations and acquaintance, supported by the unremitting activity of Captain Grosvenor, his brother Robert, and Counsellor Eaton, His Majesty's FREE pardon has been obtained for Ash. C——, Esq. and he, and his family, are returning from Plymouth, to enjoy the good things on this side the Atlantic. Only unfortunate, that he had not been liberated a few days before, that they might have assisted

fisted at the festival held at Eaton-Hall, under the auspices of Lord Grosvenor, in consequence of his son coming of age.

THE last representation of HAMLET will be to-morrow.

NUMBER XX.

T H E
EATON CHRONICLE;
O R,
THE SALT-BOX.

STERN Fate decrees ! my recent honours fall—
Let then my tears, my gushing tears have vent ;
The cook indignant, tears me from the wall,
By ruthless mandate of Rigbina sent.

No more o'er me the enraptur'd Muse shall bend,
No more my breast with magic fires shall glow ;
No more shall * * * * his brightest fallies lend,
No more shall wit its choicest smiles bestow !

But why, ah, why ! deserted, and forlorn,
Am I thus doom'd to share a vulgar fate ;
I that reveal'd, full many an anxious morn,
Those mental treasures that can never fade ?

T

That

That to far distant ages shall be borne
 On the strong pinions of eternal fame,
 When their sad offspring shall THOSE PARENTS mourn,
 That gave to immortality my name.

Yet well I ween, Rigbina loves me not :
 Shield me, O shield me ! from her baneful ire,
 Let me not now be thrown i' th' sink to rot,
 Or blaze, a martyr, in the kitchen fire.

But sure some guardian angel will restrain
 The bold assaulter of my sacred frame :
 So in my much-lov'd corner shall I reign
 And give each autumn to an *equal fame*.

What tho' unknown beneath a cook-maid's care,
 A plain, unornamented box I stood ;
 Yet say, what hand profane shall rashly dare
 To injure now my *consecrated wood* !

THE SALT-BOX.

FAREWELL TO EATON.

ADDRESSED TO LORD GROSVENOR.

FAREWELL, ye groves ; farewell pellucid waves,
 Where oft th' Enthusiast dips his sacred lyre !
 Whose voice melodious, strains divine, inspire
 Each listening ear that in thy bosom laves.

Ah ! that to me was given the harmonious power,
 To rise like him on Fancy's painted wing !
 Then might I hope more worthy gifts to bring.
 And deck the Muses' shrine with many a flower.

Like

Like some poor bird I flit from spray to spray :
To soar aloft, to one the Muse denies ;
And see ! the imperial eagle as he flies,
Waves his broad pinions to the God of Day !

But THOU, the owner of this fair domain,
Wilt not refuse, an humble bard to hear ;
For by the generous mind, the modest tear
Falls not unheeded on the thirsty plain.

Accept my thanks—'tis all my power can give,
For kind attentions many a happy day,
Beneath thy roof—where mirth delights to stay,
Where wit and sense thy fostering care receive.

To the Editor of the SALT-BOX.

SIR,

THE fatal moment draws near, and to-morrow we bid a long adieu to Eaton-Hall. Conversing on the melancholy subject after breakfast, we agreed to write, each of us, a farewell stanza to the society we have so long, and so happily enjoyed. If you will admit them into your Chronicle, they will be a lasting proof, (not, indeed, of our poetical abilities, but of what we are at present

T 2

much

much more anxious to display) our SINCERE REGRET.

We are, Mr. Editor, your's, &c. &c.

E — B. *Brady*

E — C. *Croft*

H — G. *Steadley*

F. D. G. *moreover*

S — D.

M — B.

A — B.

} *at Dick
rip Bow
only a Br*

FAREWELL TO EATON-HALL,

AND ITS PLEASANT SOCIETY,

To bid adieu to Eaton-Hall,
The painful task is our's—
And see ! the heavens our sorrow share,
And melt like us in showers,

Omnes,

Ah me ! what grief I feel within,
Could I that grief impart !
But words are weak, when to express
The feelings of the heart.

Alas !

Alas ! all now must silent be,
 The happy time is o'er——
 But yet I trust another year
 Will have fresh joys in store.

I do not wish to write a word ;
 For silence, I've been told,
 Expresses oft more clearly woe,
 Than words can e'er unfold.

No longer, Hamlet, shall I hear
 Thy voice, melodious sweet—
 I leave behind me Eaton-Hall,
 Where mirth and pleasure meet.

Lov'd mansion ! tho' we bid thee now farewell
 Yet shall we oft thy friendly roofs recall,
 And fond remembrance still delighted dwell,
 On the blest hours we spent at Eaton-Hall.

For there reign'd love, and peace, and innocence ;
 There, all that joy, that rapture could impart ;
 There wit, there humour flash'd ; there sober sense
 Play'd round the fancy, while it touch'd the heart.

Yet one reflection still remains, to cheer
 The gloomy moments we at parting prove :
 That we, and all, may meet the coming year,
 Repeat our pleasures, and renew our love.

FINIS.

M^r Dickey

Miss Bar

Miss Bar